

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

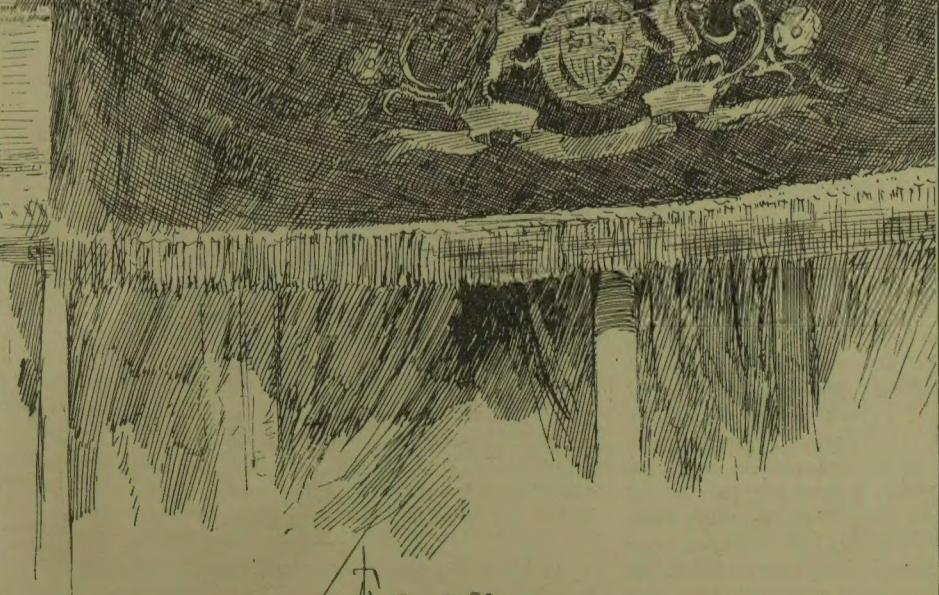
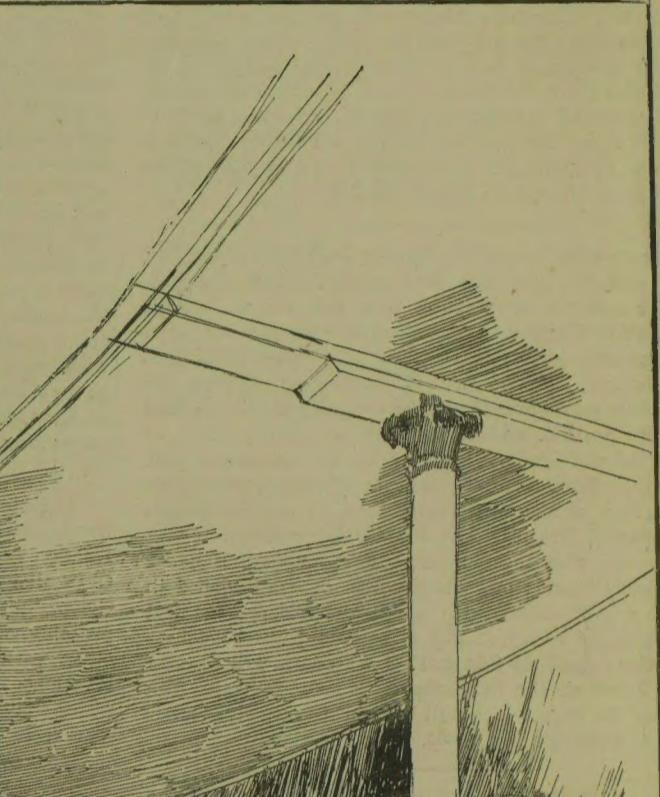
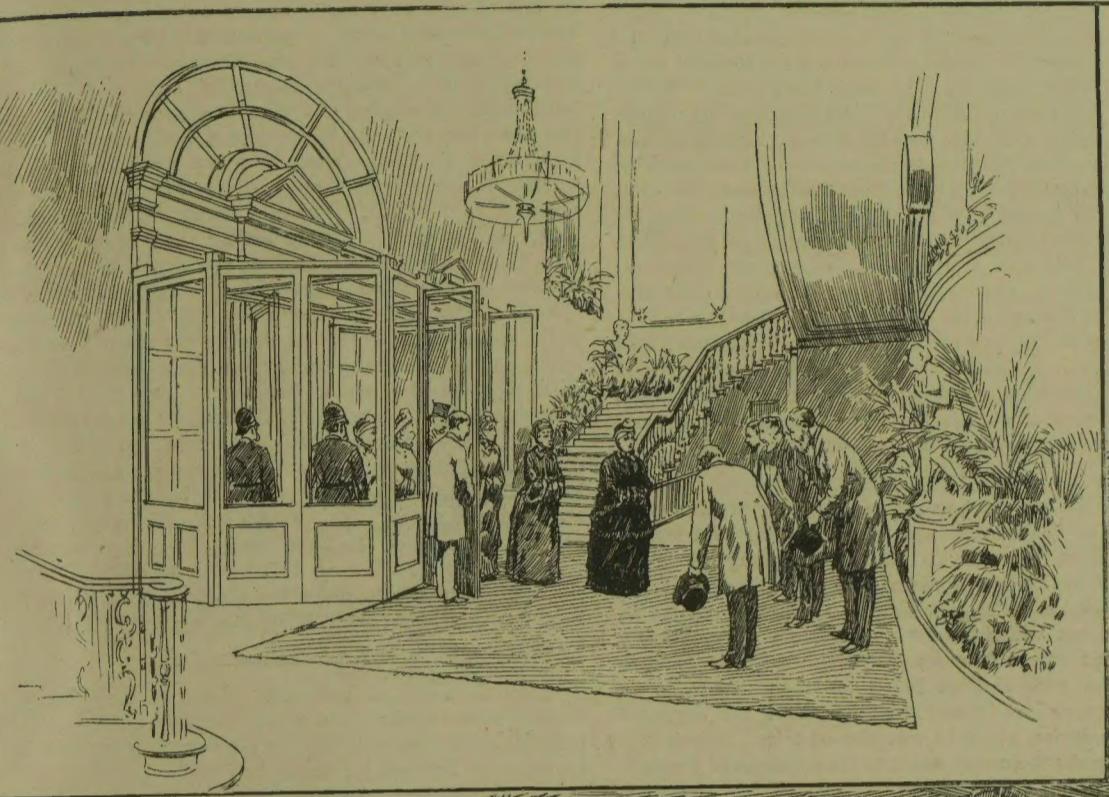
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No. 2446.—VOL. LXXXVIII.

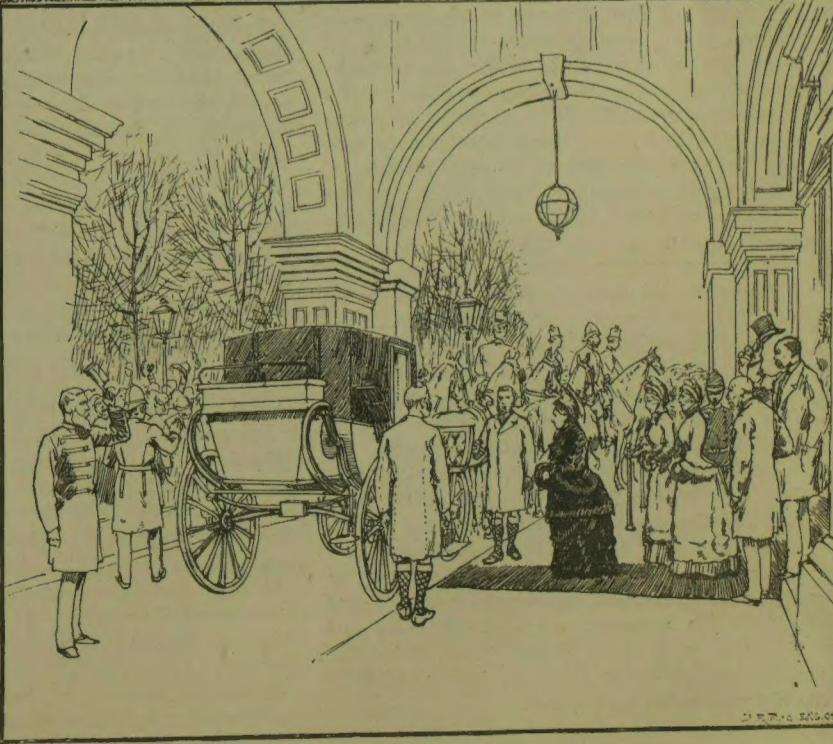
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

WITH { SIXPENCE.
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THE ARRIVAL.



AURESTIER



THE DEPARTURE.

THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, KENSINGTON, AT THE PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S ORATORIO, "MORS ET VITA."



The visit of the Queen last week to the Albert Hall may possibly have, in the first instance, been determined by her desire to hear Gounod's grand work; but it has also been interpreted as evidence of her willingness to show herself more often in public than has been the case during the last five-and-twenty years. The warmth with which her Majesty was received last Friday will, perhaps, confirm her in her present resolution; and we may hope to see an even more imposing display of attachment to the Sovereign when, as is promised, she comes to town to lay the foundation-stone of the new Temple of Aesculapius about to be erected on the Thames Embankment, at the joint expense of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, or better still, consents to take part in the ceremonies attendant upon the jubilee of her accession. Those who recollect, or have learnt by reading or hearsay, the disrepute into which the Monarchy had fallen in this country during the period between the Regency and the death of William IV., and contrast the reception of the Sovereign in public then and now, can best realise how fifty years of her Majesty's reign have made loyalty popular.

Swiss enterprise is never at a loss for fresh fields of activity, and, next summer, tourists in the Bernese Oberland will probably find a new "through route" in a fair way to be made practicable for diligences and carriages. The idea is to open up direct communication between the Interlachen and Rhone Valley districts. At present, the carriage-road from the Rhone Glacier passes over the Furka and joins the St. Gothard road at Hospenthal, and thence descends to the Lake of Lucerne. At the Rhone Glacier there is, it is true, a path leading to the Grimsel Hospice, whence a footway, practicable for mules, leads through the Handeck Valley to Reichenbach, on the Lake of Brienz. The Bernese Government at first thought of carrying the new carriage-road up the Handeck Valley to the Grimsel; but this idea has been abandoned in favour of a joint scheme with the Canton Uri, and the road will run from the village of Hof, three miles beyond Reichenbach, to the summit of Susten Pass, whence it will descend direct to Wasen on the St. Gothard road and railway. The total cost of the work, which will be about twenty-eight miles in length, is estimated at £50,000.

We may now consider ourselves about three parts of the way through the winter, about to enter upon the threshold of an English spring; can anybody, not made of cast iron, not impervious to east winds, not catarrh-proof and likewise rheumatism, be "pleased to accept of this intimation"?

Some statistics, highly interesting at the present time, respecting the importation and the prices of bread-stuffs are to be found in a pamphlet, entitled "A Compendium of the Laws for Regulating the Consumption of Foreign Corn" (Ridgway, 1826). From these it appears that the lowest prices between 1660 and 1825 were in 1743 and 1744, when wheat averaged only 22s. 1d. per quarter, or some shillings under its present value. The highest was in 1812, when the price of a quarter of wheat was no less than 122s. 8d. In 1709 and 1710, however, the price had been 69s., or probably not much less in proportion to the then value of the currency. The first year in which the price exceeded 100s. was 1800, when it reached 110s. Previous to that the highest price had been 76s., in 1726. A table of imports of wheat is given, from 1697, but in many years of the eighteenth century imports are nil, or nominal. Since 1769 there has never been a year without an importation of wheat. The heaviest importation previous to that date was 497,000 quarters in 1767, described in contemporary pamphlets as a year of dearth. The price was then 57s. No corn had been imported to any appreciable extent in any former year of scarcity, except in 1728 and 1729. There is no year without an export of wheat; by much the heaviest recorded being in 1750, when no less than 950,000 quarters were exported, or nearly twice as much as in any other year, except 1749 and 1751. These three years would accordingly seem to have been seasons of great abundance, although the average price of wheat was nearly 9s. per quarter higher than in the years 1743-5, which did not among them export so much as 1750.

The current number of *Harper's Magazine* pays a remarkably left-handed compliment to General Grant. In the course of a disquisition on genius, which is declared to be nothing more than ordinary talent in more liberal measure, the argument is clinched by the inquiry, Who would call General Grant a genius? Who, indeed? is the natural response; but second thoughts suggest that perhaps, after all, General Grant has a fair claim to the distinction. Genius is, above all things, insight—the faculty of seeing what other men cannot see; and the simpler the discovery, the greater the genius. Now, Grant tells us that, at an early period of his military career, feeling horribly afraid of the enemy, he reasoned that the enemy must be horribly afraid of him, and acted accordingly. No inference could be simpler; but Halleck and McClellan—men of ten times Grant's brains, but devoid of Grant's insight—never made it; and, accordingly, he gained the victories which they missed.

Mr. Goschen's masterly address at the Mansion House on Hearing, Reading, and Thinking, was full of suggestiveness. His arguments in preference of the living voice to the printed volume are not perhaps unassailable. A first-rate speaker or

lecturer no doubt carries all before him. We would rather listen to Mr. John Bright or to Professor Huxley than read what they have to tell us; but then, how few first-rate speakers there are; while in the selection of books, we have all the centuries to choose from. Again, the listener is at a disadvantage compared with the reader. The speaker often moves on more quickly than the mind of his hearers can follow him, while the student of books can return again and again to passages that perplex him on a first perusal. If, as Mr. Goschen said, there is in the lecturer the stimulus of intellectual companionship, on the other hand, the distraction of a crowd is unfriendly to concentration of thought. We suspect, however, that the question is one that does not admit of a decisive answer. What may be the best for one man is not necessarily the best for another. There are men who gain all their knowledge from observation and from contact with their fellows; there are others who need to ponder over the printed page in order that they may inwardly digest the subject of their study. That there is this variety in the exercise of mental activity Mr. Goschen admitted later on in his address. "There are many," he said, "who cannot work without pen and paper. One of the first statesmen of the day told me that unless he had pen and paper in hand he could not fairly think out a subject." Southey once said the same thing; while Wordsworth, it is well known, was in the habit of composing a poem before writing down a word. And the student, like the author, may be advised to follow the method of study most suitable to his mental organisation. All readers and students, however, will do well to ponder over Mr. Goschen's admirable remarks upon reading and thinking. They are, indeed, of the weightiest significance. The man or woman intent on mental improvement has to guard against being swallowed up in the persistent flood of ephemeral literature, which is "driving out the great classics of the present and the past." He must read with system, which requires a certain amount of sacrifice, and he must learn to think, which, in this hasty, eager age, is the hardest labour of all. It is, indeed, so difficult, that many of our politicians and popular writers avoid it altogether.

Although the present moment seems hardly propitious for the removal of any existing taxes, it is possible that Mr. De Rutzen's decision on "armorial bearings" may suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the necessity of either modifying the present license or of repealing it altogether. There is, probably, no tax which honest people more systematically evade without compunction, and public morality is thus lowered. The possession of half-a-dozen old teaspoons on which the owner's great grandfather may have had engraved some strange device, which he was pleased to call his crest, is sufficient to make the owner liable to the payment of a guinea a year. According to the Inland Revenue officials' view also, a china plate purchased by a ceramic collector, or used by a lady as a decoration to her drawing-room wall, would also bring upon the owner a permanent tax, which the most costly picture would not entail. If people really find satisfaction in the use of armorial bearings, as they once did in seeing their footmen's hair powdered, it seems a harmless, but scarcely a taxable, form of vanity; and as the tax was repealed in the latter case, it does not seem clear upon what grounds it is maintained in the former.

Opinions differ on most subjects, but there can be no dispute as to the well-nigh unmitigated dreariness of London weather during the past winter. We say the past, and yet March, which is supposed to bring with it the first scent of Spring, has come in with a snow-storm, and what snow means in the streets of the metropolis we have been reminded more than once this winter. Well, endurance is the mark of our race, and possibly, if our skies were more sunny and we were not so cold, we should be less charitable. The contrast between comparative wealth and extreme poverty is never so striking as in dreary weather, when

Among their children comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold.

History proverbially repeats itself; and perhaps, therefore, we may be permitted to repeat history. The provocation arises from various publications which have appeared during the last few years, and which would tend to confirm one in a belief that the reputations of departed heroes, robbers, conquerors, and so on, are subject to a sort of tidal action. Especially is this the case with Napoleon the First: his reputation just now is at its lowest ebb. He is called "that successful villain" and "that long-headed scoundrel" in a little book lately published, which the writer of this note has just taken up, and which has nothing whatever to do with "the hero of Austerlitz," the remarks being made entirely "by the way." Perhaps, if he could reappear on the scene, he might once more recover his prestige; as the following repetition of history, exhibiting the difference between absence and presence, distance and proximity, renders not unlikely. The extract may be stale, but it is exceedingly good; it consists of successive announcements in the French newspapers (under "censureship") at the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba in 1815. "March 9th, The anthropophagan has come out of his lair; 10th, The Corsican ogre has just landed at Cape Juan; 11th, The tiger has arrived at Gap; 12th, The monster passed the night at Grenoble; 13th, The tyrant has gone through Lyons; 14th, the usurper is moving on Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body and surrounded him on all sides; 18th, Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he was clever enough to escape from his pursuers; 19th, Bonaparte is advancing with giant strides, but he will never enter Paris; 20th, To-morrow, *Napoléon* will be under our ramparts; 21st, The *Emperor* is at Fontainebleau; 22nd, His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening made his entry into his Castle of the Tuilleries amid transports of joy on the part of an adoring and a faithful people." So great a change of sentiment and expression may be wrought in three weeks!

London architecture is the glory and the shame of Englishmen. We spend vast sums in adorning the metropolis—witness the Embankment—and we allow the finest sites to be deformed—witness the great railway sheds at Cannon-street and Charing-cross, the railway bridge at Blackfriars, and the vast piles of ugliness that deform Northumberland-avenue. Everyone must wish to see the scheme of the Royal Institute of British Architects carried out at Spring-gardens, just as everyone would like to preserve the site lately occupied by St. Paul's School from the invasion of the builders. We want only money and taste to make London the finest city in the world, but, unfortunately, these are wants not readily supplied. The plan of the Institute shows that its president and council possess the taste, but whether the country can afford to spend the large sum required on this splendid scheme is another question altogether.

Mr. William Day, the eminent trainer of race-horses, has just published his "Reminiscences of the Turf," in a large volume of more or less entertaining contents—more to persons acquainted with horse-racing and its votaries past and present, less to persons in general. A perusal of the book will probably excite a doubt whether it is possible to be a betting owner of race-horses, or a betting adherent of horse-racing, without becoming extremely hazy as regards notions of strict honour (let alone honesty), and more than a little black about the leg. Some most astounding tales are told in the book concerning the late Lord George Bentinck, who is commonly regarded as a sort of "Bayard" among the "knights of the Turf," and a sort of Luther among the "reformers of the Turf." According to Mr. W. Day, the late Lord George was morally on the same level with the notorious Mr. Denis O'Kelly (owner of Eclipse), or a little below it; condescended to the meanest subterfuges to deceive his father; stooped to solicit a mere jockey and trainer to make a hopeless bet; took, with a Judas-like smile, the money thus won; was so energetic in the "Running Rein" business, simply because he had his money on another horse; exhibited a callous indifference to his poor, fond mother's memory; and, in point of humanity, recalled the worst that has been attributed to the so-called "monster," Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, the old original "Father of the Turf," supposed to have been nearly related to the "Father of Evil." Oh, dear! This is a sad revelation; enough to make the shade of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord George's biographer, shake a sorrowful head and utter a superb groan.

There is a sort of humorous justice in the selection of Stepney as the trial ground of the status of an alien, and the proceedings arising out of the election petition there have considerable interest for others beside the disputants for the Parliamentary seat. In bygone times it was the habit to register, for Poor Law purposes, all persons born at sea as denizens of the parish of Stepney, probably because the chief docks were therein included; and no doubt in the past, when the Alien Acts were enforced more rigidly, foreigners may have found it easier to acquire a settlement in Stepney parish than elsewhere. The present trial, however, suggests a number of curious questions of nationality, apart from mere domicile. Can a man belong to two countries at the same time; can he divest himself of the nationality of the country of his birth without, except on the payment of fees, acquiring that of the country of his abode; and finally, can a man, by any ingenious arrangement, manage to have no nationality at all, and thus escape compulsory military service, attendance on juries, and the thousand other ills to which a full-blown citizen is heir?

Although the sub-committee appointed to consider the vexed question of "stations" at Henley Regatta have made their report, and it has been adopted, it is pretty certain that the proposed alterations will not give universal satisfaction. In the first place, the rule limiting the number of boats to compete in each heat to two necessitates an extra day's racing—an innovation which will detract a good deal from the interest taken in the contest by metropolitan holiday-seekers, who find difficulty enough in finding a couple of days' leisure. Again, the additional work entailed on the scullers must curtail the number of entries; and the new course, with an island in the middle of it, must be very inconvenient, and far from satisfactory. Unfortunately, the difficulty in the way of a perfect rearrangement is insurmountable. Henley is a bad course, and will always remain so.

There is something very touching in the genial humour and manly mirth of Randolph Caldecott's posthumous paper on Fox-Hunting, which appears in this month's number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Both the letterpress and the illustrations are by the one hand, which is now motionless for ever; but this paper of his, written some short time before he sailed, is, in a sense, a résumé of his art and a key to his character. The view of fox-hunting which he describes—that of the "man in a round hat"—is precisely the view he took of life and its conventionalities. He was well aware that a very large proportion of his admirers knew as little about art as they did about fox-hunting—and he addressed himself to them, rousing in them feelings of sympathy and good-fellowship which almost took the place of "knowledgeableness" in art matters. Herein lay much of Caldecott's widespread popularity.

It was a very charming act of the "irreconcilable Boer" to return to England the sword lost by the late Sir Herbert Stewart on Majuba Hill. Joubert, the head of the Transvaal army of irregulars, is a most implacable Anglo-phobe, and has announced his intention, on more than one occasion, of taking up arms against England on the smallest provocation. But, notwithstanding his hatred towards us as a nation, and in spite of his origin, bringing up, and surroundings, he has ever been most courteous to Englishmen as individuals, as the officers who have served in South Africa have testified, and of which his sending back the sword of the gallant young General affords one more proof.

MARCH 6, 1886

THE QUEEN AT THE ALBERT HALL.

No incident gives more pleasure to the London people, who number the ninth part of her Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom, than the Queen's occasional public appearance in the metropolis. On Friday last week, at the performance of Gounod's "trilogy" of sacred music, entitled "Mors et Vita," her Majesty was among the audience in the Royal Albert Hall at Kensington. It was almost exactly ten years ago, on Feb. 25, 1876, which was likewise on a Friday, that the Queen last visited that hall, upon the occasion of a grand miscellaneous concert. Her arrival there yesterday week not only afforded high gratification to those who had procured admission within the great building, which will accommodate nearly twelve thousand persons, but to a vaster multitude of all classes outside, and along the roads from the Great Western Railway station, at Paddington. Her Majesty, accompanied by her youngest daughter and her latest son-in-law, came from Windsor by special train, and drove to the Albert Hall, alighting there, at three o'clock, under the great north portico. The first carriage, drawn by four chestnut horses, with postillions and outriders, was occupied by the Queen, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Beatrice. Though the carriages were closed against the cold wind, many obtained a good view of the Queen as she bowed again and again at the window, and she appeared to be in good health and spirits. Her Majesty wore a dress of black satin, with a jacket of the same material, heavily trimmed with black fur, and a black silk bonnet relieved by one grey feather. In the carriages following were Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the two Ladies-in-Waiting on her Majesty—the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Hon. Lady Flora Macdonald. Within the hall, the Duchess of Edinburgh occupied her own box with her children; and there were also present the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, Princess Christian, and other members of the Royal family. In the porch, the doors of which, flung wide open, were ornamented with tropical plants, the Royal party were received by Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Warren De La Rue, and Mr. M'Hardy, Vice-Presidents of the Council, and by the Earl of Lathom, Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Walter Cole, the manager; who conducted them to the retiring-room on the grand tier, where the Queen was presented with a magnificent bouquet of choice flowers on the part of the ladies of the choir. Her Majesty then entered the Royal box in the hall, coming in sight of the full assembly, who all rose at once; and the choir, eight hundred strong, with the lady vocalists in white dresses, those wearing blue sashes to the right, those with pink sashes to the left, on each side of the orchestra, made a very pretty show. Dr. Stainer was at the organ above, and the National Anthem pealed forth grandly, after which the Queen stood forward and received an enthusiastic burst of cheering, with great waving of handkerchiefs, in gracious acknowledgment of which she repeatedly bowed. The musical performance is noticed in another column. At its conclusion, the Queen sent for the conductor (Mr. Barnby), Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and congratulated them on the success of the performance. Her Majesty left Paddington for Windsor by special train a few minutes before six, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The departure platform at the station was covered with crimson cloth, and barriers were erected, through which none but privileged persons were allowed to pass.

The Rev. Albert Watson, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, has been unanimously elected Principal of that society, in succession to the late Dr. Craddock.

Mr. R. J. Biron, Q.C., a metropolitan police magistrate, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to the late Mr. B. S. Follett, Q.C.

Professor Robertson Smith, M.A., Christ College, Aberdeen, has been elected librarian of Cambridge University, by 303 votes against 121 votes for the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., Peterhouse.

At the annual meeting of members of University College the Earl of Kimberley was re-elected president, and Lord Justice Fry vice-president. The Earl of Rosebery was made a life governor, "as a person distinguished in public life."

Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, on Thursday week gave his first lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford University. He urged English literature demanded full and free recognition as one of the studies of an English University, and claimed for poetry that it was a motive power in the world at large, and had a potent influence upon the hearts of men.

The Queen of Italy has given an extensive order for poplin dresses to Messrs. Atkinson and Co., 31, College-green, Dublin. Amongst the colours chosen are to be found exquisitely delicate shades of "Eau de Nil" and "Heliotrope"; also a distinctively new colour called "Abbesse," and some rich white poplins, including a cream, embroidered with shamrocks.

A farewell banquet was given at the Hotel Métropole on Thursday week by the Corps Diplomatique to the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia on his recall to Spain. The Austrian Ambassador presided, and most of the Ambassadors and Ministers from foreign States were present, with the members of their Embassies. A farewell banquet by private friends, presided over by the Duke of Cambridge, had previously been given to the Marquis.

Viscount Kilcoursie was last week re-elected for South Somersetshire without opposition; and Sir E. J. Reed, who has accepted office as a Lord of the Treasury, was re-elected for Cardiff on Saturday.—Mr. O. V. Morgan, who last week resigned his seat owing to a technical objection, was on Monday re-elected without opposition for Battersea.—Mr. Justice Denman announced, at the resumed hearing of the Stepney election petition on Monday, that his re-count of the votes placed Mr. Durant, the sitting member, in a majority of one. Some evidence in support of a recriminatory charge against the petitioner was taken, and the court adjourned until Friday. The question respecting the Hanoverian votes remains to be decided.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, two gold watches and chains, awarded respectively by the President of the United States to Captain Hughes, master, and Mr. Roberts, second officer, of the British steamer Lord Gough, for services rendered by them in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Cleopatra, on Dec. 27, 1885. The Board of Trade have also received a binocular glass, awarded by the Italian Government to Captain B. Gill, of the British brigantine Emma Earnest, in recognition of his services to the shipwrecked crew of the Italian brigantine Orazio.—The Board of Trade have awarded a gold watch each to General Chén Lo, Fort Commandant, Takow; and to Yang Hang-Yu, the officer in charge of International Trade, Takow, in acknowledgment of the energy and humanity displayed by them in saving the lives of the crew of the British vessel M. A. Dixon, which was wrecked at Takow, Aug. 2, 1885.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

I have the honour to make my obeisance to the lady readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. I am to be permitted the privilege of treating, in this column, of matters specially interesting to ladies, as they arise in the great world week by week. The field is an extensive one. The traditional and time-honoured squaring of woman's sphere gave us Society, Dress, Domesticity, and Charity. To-day, leaving none of these aside, we find other segments in our circle; and Culture, Thought, and the Public Welfare all are now generally admitted to be portions of that mystic enclosure. So, though every topic will be touched here with a light hand, it is not proposed to make this column constantly a mere record of frivolity and fashion. Human nature cannot permanently live on the heights. But though we must usually be concerned about the daily round and common tasks of existence, I, for one, do not wish to forget that women are "beings breathing thoughtful breath."

We are all pleased to welcome her Majesty in the metropolis of her Empire, even though it be but for a brief meteoric-like passage across our vision. We are so unaccustomed in this generation to see our Sovereign, that it is almost overwhelming to have her in London twice in one week, taking part in social life. But beyond doubt her Majesty is well-advised in making an effort to gather the season together. This she can do, if she will. There is reason to believe that she prides herself on the performance of precisely that part of her regal duties which is comparatively of less consequence. When she returned to the country, after opening Parliament, an impressive array of despatch-boxes was set forth on the table of her saloon-carriage. It was as though they said, "Behold the labours of a Monarch! Not even during a railway journey may the Queen be free from cares of State." But the Crown is no longer the depository of real political power. I have no doubt that the Queen, with her natural powers and her long training, has quite a ten-thousand-labourer-power of understanding and judging politics; but the ten thousand labourers can influence politics far more than she. If our Sovereign would serve us, let her leave her despatch-boxes on the table, and come more into our midst. Let her, by drawing society together, prevent so many wealthy English people from spending their money on the Continent; let her thus check those others who, by shirking social expenses, accumulate inordinate fortunes in their own hands, instead of distributing their wealth through trade; and let her leave her rich subjects less opportunities of squandering millions of English capital on foreign loans. An active Court does not produce more national wealth, but it does make what wealth there is get distributed amongst the community; and this is precisely what is wanted.

I have just returned from a visit to some of the principal houses for Court gowns, and must tell something about the exquisite toilettes prepared for the Queen's first Drawingroom this season. Of course, the May Courts are always finer than the ante-Easter ones. For ladies to go out in the middle of the day to sit in carriages in such weather as this, in low-necked bodices and short sleeves, is a feat of downright courage. Nevertheless, the expectation of being received by the Queen herself has given a great many the necessary resolution to order their gowns; and it would be hard to imagine anything more lovely than many of these constructions. The colour of the season is usually discoverable at the first Drawingroom. Yellow is the colour of this spring. It is not orange, nor old gold, nor any other of those shades which make the blonde so triumphantly erect her crest above the blonde. It is that paler and yet rich yellow, ranging from butter colour to bright gold, which is at least as becoming to the fair as to the dark complexion. This colour figures in many of the robes, either as train or petticoat. It combines well with so many other colours, too: brown, blue, amethyst, heliotrope, myrtle, and some shades of moss-green (though these last must be very carefully selected), and, of course, ruby and black, all tone well with yellow. A novel combination is that of yellow and grey, of which Russell and Allen have several specimens in their Court dress display. It tones admirably, the grey softening the glare which yellow, however subdued, inevitably makes in the mass. A beautiful tablier is of canary satin, worked in a peacock geometrical sort of design, like the old Byzantine patterns, with beads of plumb colour and of bright steel intermixed. This is to be worn as the petticoat, under a bodice and train of elephant grey frisé velvet, and with yellow feathers. Another instance of the same combination is a very rich thick satin, of a pearl-grey shade, next door to white, on which is brocaded a thick pattern in gold—part of it in frisé, and part of it in plain brocading, which gives variety to the shades. This is to be worn over a white satin petticoat, completely covered with the most wonderful pearl-embroidered gauze. The pearl embroidery is done in a series of plume patterns, and each of these is outlined in gold thread embroidery. These are perfect visions of beauty.

In fact, I believe a considerable portion of the highest art of our day is expended on dress. What do our artists paint when they want to make money by their pictures? They paint gowns—with ladies in them, of course; but the woman and her dress are one, and the stuff is quite as important as the face, and a good deal more so than the hands. And even fancy pictures of children have to be attired in robes rich and rare. Then if, in addition to this, you inquire how much a wealthy man spends in his life-time on pictures of any sort, and how much he spends on his wife's gowns, I fancy the art of dress will be found to absorb a very leonine proportion of the expenditure. Certain it is, that dress is a fine art; nothing could be more exquisitely satisfactory to the colour-sense than most of the new fabrics for Court gowns or for evening wear.

A most splendid robe is composed of a thick Japanese embroidery, laid down the middle of a black velvet train. Another showy gown is of moss-green velvet, with the corner of the train turned back with blue and gold brocade, and the train edged all up the sides with imitation sapphires, from which depends a fringe of alternate strings of pale blue stones and tinsel thread. Under this is a petticoat of blue, veiled in a delicious embroidery, quite fit to put in a frame for the beauty of its colouring, with pale sapphires like moonbeams, and gold plaques, and pink beads, and white pearls, all commingled, and arranged to make horizontal lines.

One of these dresses shows how originally a white gown may be made. It is Mrs. Peile's dress for presentation on her marriage. She is young and pretty, and will look beautiful in a bodice laced at the back and finished with a berthe of old lace, and a train put on in full pleats outside the bodice both of frisé velvet brocaded on satin. The left-hand corner of the train is turned far back with white satin, and this revers is fixed all along with a tulle ruche, in the middle of which nestles a string of curly little white ostrich feathers. The petticoat is white satin, turned up at the bottom with a deep piece of Brussels point, and big clusters of white feathers and velvet ribbon finish off the left side of the skirt and the left shoulder-strap. The young Countess Hatzfeldtz is also going in white, having a long train of moire française, and a petticoat of satin embroidered with white jet, at the bottom of which are three plisse of

white tulle; the body is of the moire, with berthe of tulle and white jet.

Black, too, can be made extremely effective. The fashion of having a panel of embroidery up the middle of the train is much in vogue, and I have seen a splendid black satin with most costly jet embroidery in that situation, the train turned back on itself at the end at both sides to show the grey satin lining, and these revers are fixed with jet swallows with diamond beaks; a flight of the same swallows going across the front of the skirt from the left hem to the right side of the waist. Another black dress is of velvet, with tablier of gauze embroidered with heartsease in violet silk. Finally, there is a black silk petticoat, bodice, and train, with no relief whatever but a number of bouquets of violets carelessly thrown all over the robe, and fixed as they fell—at least, so it looks.

F. F. M.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A specialty of last week was the reopening last Saturday of the great opera-house in the Haymarket for a series of Italian opera performances, under the direction of M. Carillon, and at what are called popular prices. We have already given a list of the names of the principal singers—nearly all of whom are unknown to the London opera-houses. The orchestra is excellent, comprising about sixty skilled instrumentalists, with Mr. Viotti Collins as leader; and the chorus is of proportional strength.

The opera on the opening night was "Il Trovatore," the principal characters in which—Leonora, Azucena, Manrico and the Count di Luna—were represented, respectively, by Madame Savelly, Mdlle. Oselio, Signor Fernando, and Signor Genovesi. The first-named lady possesses a powerful voice, and much earnest dramatic intention; some exaggerated effort having probably been due to nervous anxiety. By far the greatest success of the evening was achieved by Mdlle. Oselio, who possesses a good mezzo-soprano voice, and sings artistically, both in sentimental and declamatory passages. The representative of the Count displayed an agreeable baritone voice, and produced a favourable impression in his air "Il balen," and in the principal scenes with Leonora and with Azucena. Signor Fernando's voice is a tenor of a very robust order, and is more suited for forcible declamation than for expressing the softer emotions. It was, apparently, somewhat unfavourably influenced by the weather. The performance of the opera was carefully and judiciously conducted by Signor Mascherini. There was no performance on Monday, "Faust," which had been announced, having been postponed to Saturday. On Tuesday "Lucia di Lammermoor" was performed, with the débüt of Mdlle. Tiff as the heroine. The lady is young, and has a pleasing, but rather small, soprano voice. Her merits may more justly be estimated after future performances. The other principal characters, Edgardo and Enrico, were sustained, respectively, by Signor Vizzani and Mr. Walter Bolton, the efforts of each having apparently been impaired by atmospheric influences. Signor Mascheroni again conducted.

"Il Trovatore" was announced for repetition on Thursday, with a change of cast; and, as above said, "Faust" was promised for this (Saturday) evening.

As already briefly stated by us, Gounod's oratorio, "Mors et Vita," was repeated by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society yesterday (Friday) week by command of the Queen (who was present), and with the same solo vocalists—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley—as at the first production of the work at the Birmingham Festival, last August. In this respect, and also in the choral and orchestral details, the performance (ably conducted by Mr. Barnby) was of great excellence. Many (almost too many) omissions were made, by which the time occupied was greatly reduced from that occupied by the entire oratorio. Her Majesty remained during the whole performance, and, at the close, expressed to the soloists and the conductor her great gratification with the work, and its admirable rendering. Subsequently, the Queen commanded a telegram to be dispatched to M. Gounod, with similar expressions. It was, indeed, a very impressive occasion, both in its musical aspect, and on account of the marked enthusiasm with which the Queen was received by the enormous multitude that filled the hall.

Herr Joachim made his first appearance this season at this week's Monday Popular Concert. The great violinist led Beethoven's second Rasoumowsky string quartet, and played solos by Spohr, Schumann, and Bach (the last unaccompanied), with those fine qualities of tone, style, and execution which have rendered him so eminent. Miss Fanny Davies gave Mendelssohn's "Presto Scherzando" and another piece, for pianoforte solo, with admirable mechanism and taste; and Mr. B. Davies rendered songs by Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Randegger with refined expression. The last-named gentleman accompanied the vocal music, and Miss F. Davies was the accompanist to Spohr's violin pieces. Haydn's string quartet in B flat (from op. 64) closed an excellent programme; the party in this and in the other quartet having been completed by MM. Ries, Hollander, and Howell. Signor Piatti, the eminent violoncellist, will reappear at next Monday's concert, for the first time since his recovery from the accident to his arm.

One of Mr. William Carter's National Concerts was given at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evening, when the programme consisted largely of Welsh music, in celebration of St. David's Day.

The fifth, and last but one, of Novello's Oratorio Concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" was performed. This work has more than once been commented on by us. It is one of the finest of the several productions which have made the Bohemian composer's name eminent in this country within recent years. Tuesday's performance of it—with Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists—was a very fine one in all respects.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave another of their interesting vocal recitals on Tuesday evening at Prince's Hall.

That accomplished violinist, Mdlle. Marianne Eissler, gave a concert, in association with Mdlle. Clara Eissler (harpist) and Mdlle. Emmy Eissler (pianist), at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday evening.

The Philharmonic Society opened its seventy-fourth season on Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, with the first of a series of six concerts, conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Thursday's programme included a violin concerto by Moszkowski, played by M. Tivadar Nachéz; Schumann's pianoforte concerto, rendered by Madame Frickenhaus; a new orchestral scene, "The Forest of Arden," by Mr. H. Gadsby; and other interesting items. Of the performances we must speak next week.

Next week's music will comprise a sacred concert at St. James's Hall, and a performance of "The Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall—both on March 10—in celebration of Ash Wednesday.



R. TAYLOR

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The appointment of this popular Scottish nobleman, Mr. Gladstone's personal friend, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been regarded with general approval. Diplomacy, more than any other official business of Government, is facilitated, as Lord Chesterfield observed a hundred and fifty years ago, by the choice of agents who are likely to stand in agreeable personal relations to the ruling statesmen of great foreign nations. Proved skill and the practised sagacity derived from long experience of great affairs may be occasionally more than counterbalanced, with no discredit to a veteran Minister, by accidental circumstances which have produced temporary feelings of mutual irritation between public men of commanding position in different countries. Lord Granville, one of the truest Liberals, and one of the ablest servants of this realm, who has always jealously defended British interests, though he has sometimes been charged by his political opponents with a lack of foresight in the means that were adopted, and with delay in their application, seemed to have provoked an outbreak of impatience at Berlin, through the tardy response to inquiries concerning Angra Pequena and New Guinea, and other small matters a long way off. The apparent neglect of German importunity for official information was really due, we believe, to the departmental organisation of our Government, to the separate functions of the Colonial Office, to the limited powers of a Governor of a

Colony with a Parliamentary Constitution of its own, and to the absence of the Governor, upon other business, from the seat of his administration. Prince Bismarck did not care to understand these peculiarities of the situation of the British Government; and being, as Prussians are wont to be, of an exacting and peremptory disposition, somewhat rudely expressed his displeasure that the questions he had put, with reference to certain territorial claims, were left for several months unanswered. It happened that his son and official assistant, Count Herbert Bismarck, a personal acquaintance of Lord Rosebery, was enabled, in a private visit to England, which his Lordship speedily returned, to obtain friendly explanations that had the desirable effect of removing this uncomfortableness, without in any way compromising the policy of either Government. Lord Rosebery did not act the unbecoming part of officious interference, but is thought to have behaved with tact, discretion, and delicacy, and probably with the consent of Lord Granville as well as of Mr. Gladstone, in helping to smooth over this merely personal disagreement. His accomplishments, his social position, the flexibility of his mind, and his conversational talents, had shown a marked adaptation to the work of the Foreign Office; and if Lord Granville, after so much arduous service in that Department, and in view of the great changes that have taken place of late years in the state of Europe, felt disinclined to resume his former labours,

the new Cabinet is provided with a Minister of considerable promise for the coming time.

The Right Hon. Sir Archibald Philip Primrose, Bart., fifth Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Inverkeithing, Lord Dalmeny, with other titles in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Rosebery in that of the United Kingdom, was born in London in 1847. He is son of the late Archibald, Lord Dalmeny, who died in 1851; and his mother was Lady Catherine, only daughter of the fourth Earl Stanhope, who afterwards married the Duke of Cleveland. The Primrose family, who took their name from the lands of Primrose in Fifeshire, are first mentioned in the time of Queen Mary Stuart, when Duncan Primrose was manager of the domains of Culross Abbey, in Perthshire; his son James, a lawyer, followed King James to England, and held the office of Clerk to the Privy Council, which passed to Archibald Primrose under Charles I. A sister, Alison, married the famous rich George Heriot, of Edinburgh, the Court jeweller, founder of Heriot's Hospital, and known to readers of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Archibald Primrose, in 1651, was rewarded for his services with a Scottish baronetcy, and at the Restoration became a Scotch Judge, or Lord of Session, and purchased the estate of Dalmeny, in Linlithgow, on the banks of the Forth. In 1700, a peerage was conferred on Mr. Archibald Primrose, M.P. for the county of Edinburgh, who had held an office in the household of Prince George of



THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: SOUTH GATE OF BHAMO, SHOWING THE STOCKADE, LOOK-OUT HUT, AND GUARD-HOUSE.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 2.

The past week has been largely devoted to reminiscences of the past. At one theatre we have seen "Hamlet" put on the stage in a French dress, while at another theatre M. Renan has had his facile prose spoken by actors costumed as Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau, and so there has been much talk about the masterpieces of literature, and we have retained one idea which M. Renan puts into the mouth of Boileau—namely, that we ought to judge great men on something more than the work they have left. The great men are, so to speak, brilliant and magnifying mirrors, reflecting with admirable precision and colour the thoughts and soul of their age, and reflecting also, with less precision, visions of the future. Thus Boileau, speaking the prose of M. Renan, does not repudiate the judgments which he passed on the literature of his own age, but, at the same time, recognises that what were truth, good taste, and reason in the seventeenth century, may be no longer so in the nineteenth. Taking advantage of this excellent lesson in criticism, certain wits have ventured to protest against the superstitious respect and admiration, without restriction, of traditional masterpieces. Victor Hugo said, "One must admire Shakespeare *comme une bête*." "Not at all," reply our new-fangled wits. "If you wish to present Shakespeare to the crowd, on the stage, you must not only restrict your admiration, but you must correct the master. A drama—even 'Hamlet'—is not a divine revelation. If the drama were rearranged by Sardou or Dennery we should then have an absolute masterpiece, instead of a literary curiosity. 'Hamlet,' as a piece, is badly constructed, and it is wanting in that first condition of a complete work of genius—namely, clearness." Horrible, most horrible, the reader will say; asking, Who are these sacrilegious wits? After all, there is reason in what they say. Two poets, of fair talent, have translated "Hamlet" into verse with considerable fidelity; the piece is presented on the stage of the Porte Saint-Martin in eleven tableaux; Philippe Garnier personates Hamlet, and Sarah Bernhardt Ophelia: the latter is mannered; the actor of Hamlet shows considerable talent and intelligence. Well, the spectacle is simply curious, and, with the exception of the scenes of violent drama, the French can make neither top nor tail of the piece. And our English commentators, and the German exegetists, what do they make out of it?

The politicians continue to discuss, or to prepare to discuss, the stock questions, such as, whether "the citizens whose families formerly reigned over France" ought to be expelled or not. The final debate on this subject will take place at the end of the week. On Saturday the treaty between France and Madagascar was ratified by the Chamber, by 436 votes against 28, after a long and recriminatory debate, which was quite useless, inasmuch as a fresh military expedition or complete evacuation are both out of the question. France must be satisfied with what concessions the Hovas feel willing to make. At Decazeville the miners, numbering more than 3000, are on strike; they demand an increase of pay, and the dismissal of an unpopular engineer. The company is resisting obstinately, and the miners also, the latter encouraged by the Socialist newspapers and by two Deputies of Paris—Basly and Cameliat—who remain on the spot, making incendiary speeches. The town is occupied by the military, but the miners seem calm and simple men, and, furthermore, they are too illiterate to comprehend the Socialist orators who have gone there from Paris.

Monday was a grand day at the Academy of Science: M. Pasteur communicated to the Academy the results of his method of treating rabies. On Oct. 26 M. Pasteur explained to the Academy his treatment of Joseph Meister, who was bitten by a mad dog on July 4. This was the first time that M. Pasteur inoculated a human being with preventive virus. At the present day, eight months after having been bitten, Meister is in excellent health; the shepherd, Jupille, who was treated last October, is also in excellent health. Since these two cases, 385 persons have come to M. Pasteur for treatment, and been inoculated. One patient alone—namely, Louise Peltier, whose treatment began thirty-seven days after severe bites—died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. For all the cases, M. Pasteur has complete evidence of the madness of the dogs which have bitten the patients, and all the details necessary to establish the genuineness of the experiments. In his communication to the Academy yesterday, M. Pasteur dwelt upon one hundred cases only—namely, those treated between Nov. 1 and Dec. 15; at least seventy-five days have passed since these persons were bitten. Now, it has been proved that the symptoms of hydrophobia appear from the fortieth to the sixtieth day after the bite. Therefore, M. Pasteur concludes that his hundred patients are safe, and that his method of treatment by inoculations have come out of the trial triumphantly. A second series of a hundred inoculated patients have reached the sixtieth day safely; but M. Pasteur showed his excessive prudence by reserving this surplus proof. M. Pasteur's communication was received with immense applause, and the Academy of Science immediately requested him to develop his views on the establishment of a laboratory for vaccination against rabies. M. Pasteur replied that a single establishment would suffice for France, Europe, and North America, inasmuch as patients could reach here in good time from those parts; that the establishment would require a very skilled personnel, thoroughly acquainted with the microbian doctrines; and that such an establishment ought to be the result of private and international donations and subscriptions. M. Pasteur would propose to make this new vaccinating laboratory the starting-point for further researches into other contagious diseases, like diphtheria and tuberculosis. M. Freycinet, who was present at the meeting, announced that he imagined the Government would heartily join in M. Pasteur's grand and humane work; and so we may soon expect to hear of the laying of the foundation of the Pasteur International Prophylactic Institute.

The sale of the Sichel collection of eighty old proofs of bronzes, by Barye, produced a total of 64,000f. The prices paid were higher than at any previous sales, and indicate a tardy but thoroughly reasonable craze which will, in the end, make good proofs of Barye's works comparatively as dear as the pictures by Millet and Corot, which those artists sold so cheaply during their lifetime. The group of a jaguar devouring a hare, which Barye sold for 2000f., brought on Saturday 9400f.; the seated lion, which Barye sold for 200f., fetched 2100f.; the lion and serpent, original price 200f., fetched 2880f.; the walking tiger and walking lion each sold by Barye formerly for 120f., fetched, respectively, 2200f. and 1900f.; Theseus and Centaur, original price 275f., fetched 1800f. The prices of the other pieces were equally high, and rendered, at last, due-homage to the genius of Barye, who was simply the greatest animal-sculptor who ever lived. T. C.

The Italian Senate has adopted, by ninety-one votes against six, the Bill for the Equalisation of the Land Tax.

The German Emperor fell down at a Court ball given on Thursday week, and bruised his left hip. No serious conse-

quences, however, have accrued from this untoward accident. The Reichstag has voted the third reading of the bill for the construction of a canal between the German Ocean and the Baltic; so that this important undertaking is now assured.

Two members of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, the Archduke Karl Stephan, brother of the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, were married on Sunday with great splendour in Vienna. The Emperor and Empress were present, and the chief members of the Diplomatic Corps were amongst the invited guests.—The Empress left Vienna on Monday with the Archduchess Marie Valérie, for a sojourn of several weeks at Baden.—Lady Paget gave her second ball this winter at the British Embassy on Monday night. It was attended by several members of the Imperial family, including Archduke Charles, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and Archduke Renier. Count Kalnoky was also present.—The death of Baron Ernest Von Teschenberg, of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, occurred on Thursday week at Vienna, in his forty-ninth year.

A telegram from Belgrade states that the Servian Government has agreed to the treaty of peace with Bulgaria proposed by the Turkish Minister. The treaty contains only one clause, which declares that peace is restored.

A ball took place at St. Petersburg on Monday evening, at the British Embassy, in honour of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Princess Irene.—A detachment of Russian troops made a formal entry into Penjeh on the 13th ult. General Alikanoff announced to the representatives of the Saryk Turkomans the union of the district with Russia, and the establishment of a Russian Administration.

The Canadian Parliament was opened on Thursday week by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, in his speech, stated that an increased expenditure had been caused by the recent rebellion in the North-West, which had created a deficit; but he congratulated the country on its prosperity and progress, as well as on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is announced from New York that the heaviest storm known to have occurred in America for fifteen years past has been raging throughout the Northern Atlantic States.

Lord and Lady Dufferin arrived at Madras on Monday from Burmah, and were received with great enthusiasm.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has received a telegram from Sydney informing him of the formation of a new Ministry as follows:—The Hon. Sir P. A. Jennings, K.C.M.G., Premier and Treasurer; the Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Secretary; the Hon. John Henry Dank, Attorney-General; the Hon. Henry Copeland, Secretary for Lands; the Hon. W. J. Lyne, Secretary for Public Works; the Hon. J. P. Garvan, Minister of Justice; the Hon. A. Renwick, M.D., Minister of Public Instruction; the Hon. James Fletcher, Secretary for Mines; the Hon. F. B. Suttor, Postmaster-General.—A Reuter's telegram from Sydney announces that the German squadron, under the command of Admiral Knorr, arrived there last Saturday from Zanzibar.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was always a matter of surprise that so excellent a judge of dramatic work as Charles Reade should have thought so much of Sardou's "Andrea." This often-quoted and extremely silly play is what painters would call a "pot-boiler." It was written to order for an American actress—Miss Agnes Ethal, and was originally produced in New York, under the title of "Agnes." Subsequently, it was hurriedly produced in Paris at the time when "L'Oncle Sam" was forbidden by the censor, and the manager of the Gymnase was at his wits' ends what to do. But it is in no sense a "masterpiece" at all. A silly woman desires to release her husband from the toils of an adventuress, and conceives the wild notion of locking him up in a mad-house, in order to prevent his eloping with the star of the ballet at Vienna. The mad-house is provided with doors that spurt out water directly a patient attempts to escape; and this ridiculous notion is illustrated on the stage, and naturally transforms what is intended to be a serious drama into a silly farce. It is assumed that, because Charles Reade wrote so powerfully and well about mad-houses, he was fascinated by the door-sputting scene. He must have had his confidence severely shaken in "Andrea" when he saw it played, and played remarkably well, by Miss Sophie Goury, Florence Gerard, and others, at the Olympic, some years ago. Again the play has been produced at the Olympic; once more it has failed. The beautiful and costly dresses of Mlle. Etelka Borry, a Hungarian actress, have not saved "The Countess and the Dancer" from a storm of derisive laughter; and the only creditable thing connected with the revival was the acting of Mr. W. Herbert, one of the best of our young light comedians, whose hard work and perseverance have ended in success. C. S.

THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM, AND RECREATION-GROUNDS.

Mr. Samuel Morley has adopted the allotment system on his estate at Leigh, near Tunbridge Wells. He has cut up the land into plots of about twelve rods, and these he lets to bona fide working men at the rate of 6d. per rod per annum. The experiment has proved an unqualified success.—Mr. James Harrison, of Brandesburton Hall, has divided 130 acres of land at North Frodingham, near Driffield, among thirty-six labourers, at a nominal rent of 32s. per acre, in lots from a quarter acre to sixteen acres each.—Earl Sydney, as lord of the manor, has given his consent to the management of the large common at St. Paul's Cray, Kent, being vested in a board of conservators, and the Land Commissioners have sanctioned a scheme of bye-laws for the regulation of the common, which adjoins that of Chislehurst.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre, speaking at Willis's Rooms last week, referred to the Hampstead Heath enlargement question, and said he was glad to be able to inform them that the negotiations with Lord Mansfield were proceeding favourably. A private bill had been introduced into Parliament to enable the Metropolitan Board of Works to effect a purchase. A competent valuer had been engaged, and the valuation came out less than they had expected. He had no doubt that both St. Pancras and Hampstead would, under the powers granted in the bill, when it passed into law, contribute towards the purchase. They also proposed that a contribution should be made from the City of London Parochial Funds.—Lord Londesborough has given a site on his estate at Market Weighton, East Yorkshire, as a public recreation-ground for the inhabitants.—Lord Thurlow writes to the Stowmarket Liberal Association:—"I am firm in the belief that no measures can be final or satisfactory that do not give the labourer the opportunity of becoming a small landowner. I believe this is the only way his independence can be secured, and that his legitimate ambition to improve his position and rise in the social scale can be realised. There is nothing subversive or revolutionary in these views. They are shared by many of the ablest men and deepest thinkers of the day, and they afford the only safeguard against agrarian outrages, communism, and Socialist anarchy."

THE COURT.

The Queen and several members of the Royal family were present on Thursday week at an equestrian performance given by the members of Mr. Charles Hengler's Grand Cirque, in the riding-school of Windsor Castle. The entertainment, which is the first of the kind that her Majesty has attended since the death of the Prince Consort, took place in the afternoon. The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left the castle shortly after three o'clock and walked through the private grounds to the east entrance of the riding-school, where the Royal party were joined by Prince and Princess Christian and the Prince and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The audience, about 300 in number, included members of the Royal household and castle servants and their friends. The entertainment lasted about an hour and a half, after which the stud was paraded for the inspection of the Queen. The Duchess of Albany, who has been staying with the Queen at Windsor Castle, left in the evening for the Continent, via Queenborough, on a visit to her relatives at Waldeck. Yesterday week the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, was present at a performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The hall was filled in every part, and the Queen was greeted with much enthusiasm. Her Majesty came up to town specially to attend the performance, and returned to Windsor in the course of the afternoon. The Queen arrived at the hall at three o'clock, and was joined there by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince and Princess Leiningen, and Princess Alberta. The Duchess of Edinburgh visited her Majesty during the interval between the music. The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left the castle in the afternoon for Bagshot. The Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers (Secretary for the Home Department), arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Colonel the Hon. W. and Mrs. Carington and General the Right Hon. Sir H. Ponsonby, K.C.B., were also invited. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family, and the members of her household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Very Rev. C. T. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Deputy Clerk of the Closet, officiating. The Very Rev. the Dean of Llandaff preached. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen in the afternoon. Mrs. Phelps, wife of the Minister of the United States of America, had the honour of being presented to her Majesty on Monday by the Countess of Rosebery. The Greek Minister, M. Gennadius, was introduced to an audience of the Queen by the Earl of Rosebery (Secretary for Foreign Affairs), and presented his credentials on appointment. Sir John Walsham, Bart., was also introduced to an audience of her Majesty, and kissed hands on his appointment as her Majesty's Minister at Pekin. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, left Windsor Castle on Wednesday for London. Her Majesty held a Drawing-room on Thursday, at Buckingham Palace, returning on Friday to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, arrived at Cannes on Wednesday week, and was received at the railway station by the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, M. Catusse, and the Mayor of Cannes, M. Gazagnaire. The Prince was greeted by the Comte de Paris, the Princess Amélie, and the Duc de Braganza, who had gone to the station to meet him. The British Consul, M. Harris, the Duke of Westminster, Sir Charles Murray, and several members of the English colony were also present. On Saturday the Prince laid the foundation-stone of a chapel to be erected at Cannes, in memory of the late Duke of Albany. The religious ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Gibraltar and ten clergymen of the Church of England. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House last Monday morning on a visit to the Duchess of Sutherland, at Sutherland Tower, Torquay.

On Monday morning the Duke of Edinburgh landed at Malta under a Royal salute.

Princess Christian will visit Stamford-hill to-day (Saturday) for the purpose of laying the dedication-stone of the new church of St. John, Stamford-hill, which is to form the centre of one of the poorest districts in the East London diocese. After the ceremony, her Royal Highness will receive purses of five guineas each and upwards, in aid of the building fund, towards which a very large sum has yet to be collected.

The Speaker gave his usual full-dress Parliamentary dinner to the members of the Government on Wednesday, and will entertain the Opposition members on March 17. The Speaker will hold his levées on Wednesday, March 24, and on Wednesday, March 31.

On Monday afternoon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Aberdeen opened, at Dublin, the fifty-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy. Their Excellencies spent about an hour examining the collection.

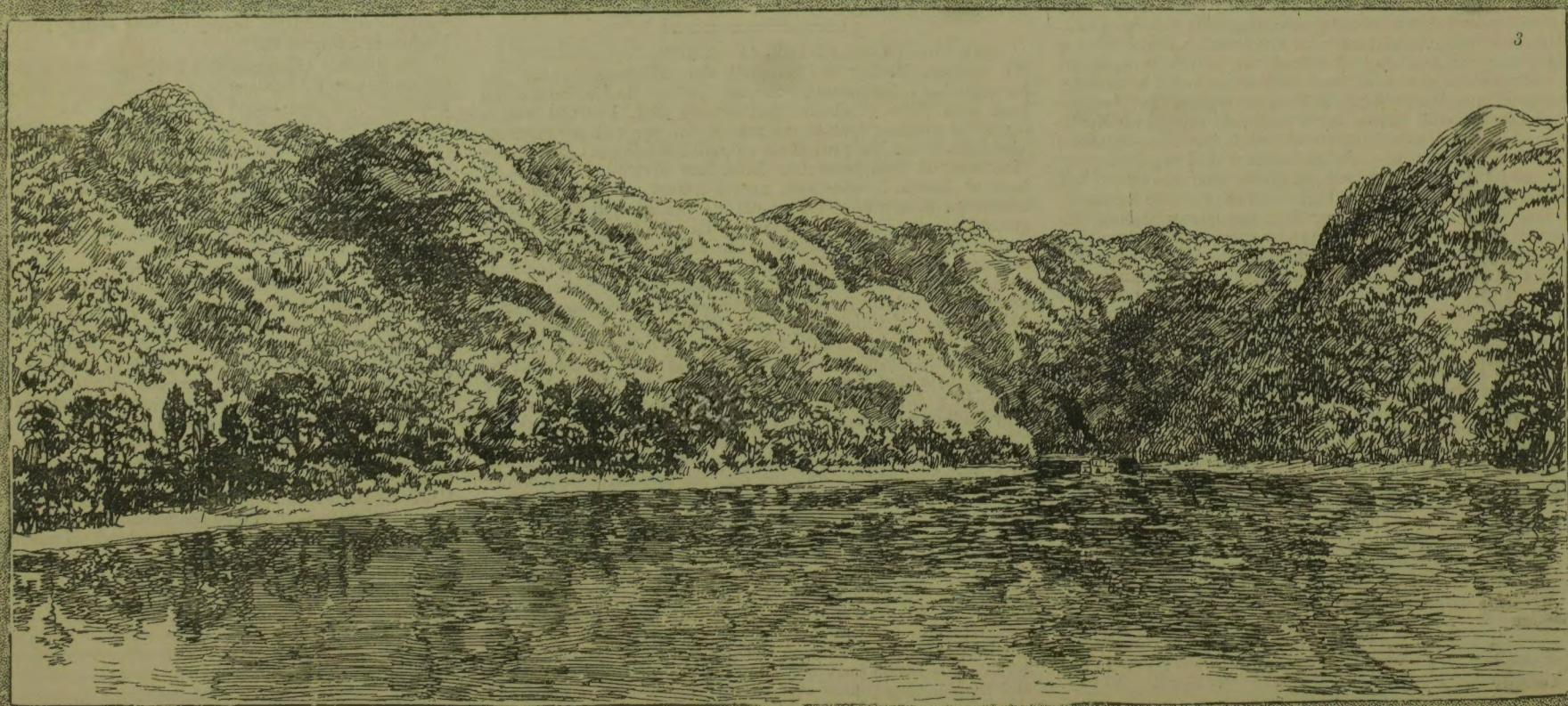
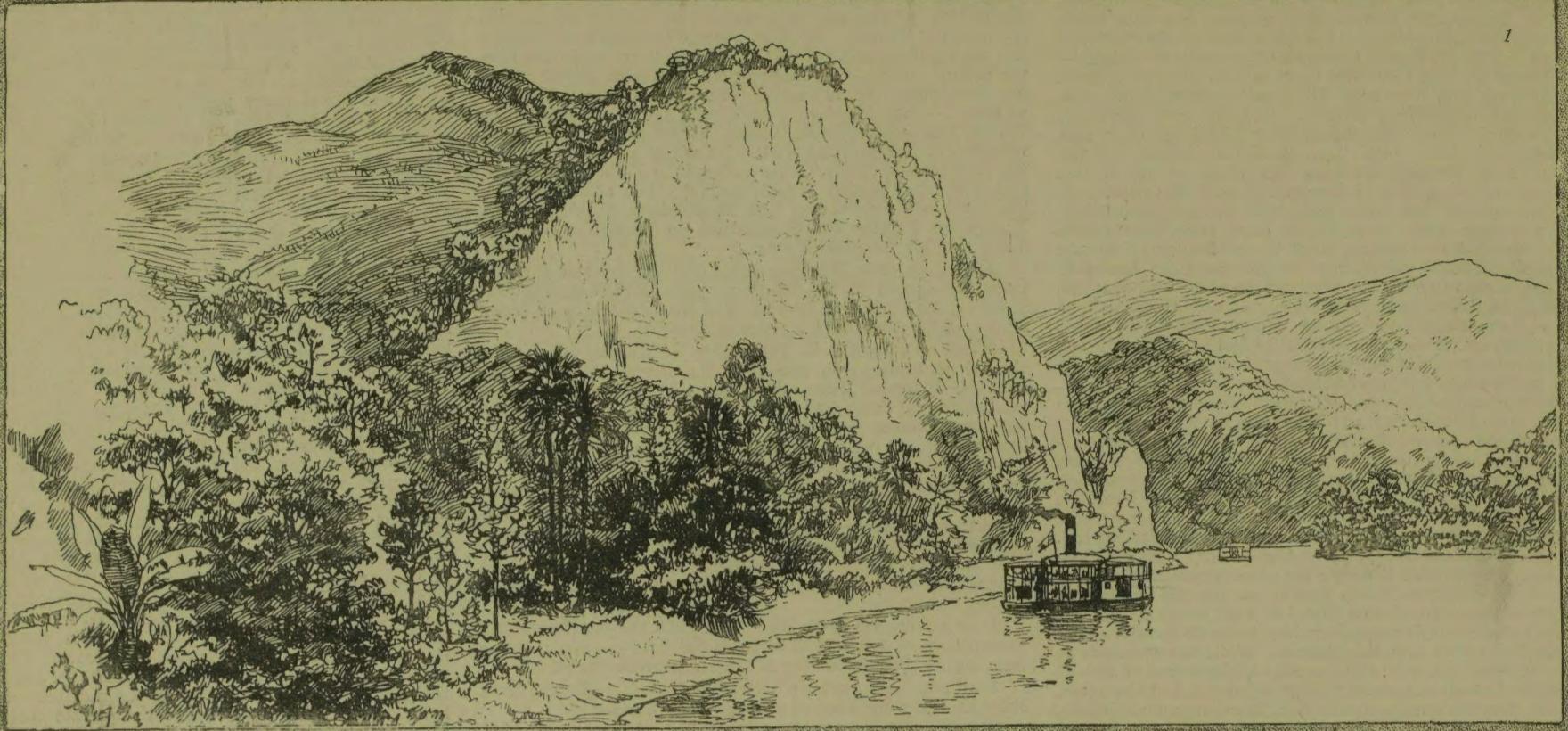
Sir Lyon Playfair was on Monday elected Chairman of the Select Committee on the Endowed Schools Acts. The committee will commence their inquiry on Tuesday next.

Colonel G. E. L. Sanford, R.E., commanding the Royal Engineers in Burmah, has been appointed Inspector-General of Military Works in India.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. James W. Lowther, eldest son of the Hon. William Lowther, M.P., with Miss Mary Frances Beresford-Hope, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Alexander J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., took place at St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, on Monday forenoon. Mr. Gerard A. Lowther acted as best man to his brother; and the bridesmaids, eight in number, were—Miss Margaret and Miss Agnes Beresford-Hope, sisters of the bride, Miss Lowther and Miss Mabel Lowther, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Gwendolen Cecil, cousin, and Miss Campbell, Miss Catharine Gibbs, and Miss Mildred Beresford-Hope, nieces of the bride. They were dressed alike, in white crêpe de chine, trimmed with brown and primrose velvet; bonnets to correspond. Each wore a gold bangle with the letter "L" in pearls the bridegroom's gift, and carried a large bouquet of primroses. The bride (who was conducted to the altar by her father) was attired in white satin, trimmed with pearls and old point lace, the gift of the bridegroom's father, and wore a spray of orange-blossoms in her hair, and a tulle veil. Her ornaments were opals and diamonds. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Antrobus (Grenadier Guards), eldest son of Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., of Amesbury Abbey, Salisbury, with Miss Florence Sartoris, daughter of the late Captain Jules Alexander Sartoris, of Hopsford Hall, Coventry, was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Tuesday forenoon.



1. In the Second Defile, on the Irrawaddy. 2. Village of Mya-Doung, where Captain Redmond and his crew were taken captive. 3. Entrance to the Second Defile, on the Irrawaddy.



THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: GENERAL PRENDERGAST'S INTERVIEW WITH THE OFFICERS AND REMNANT OF THE BURMESE ARMY.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.

The interview between General Sir H. Prendergast and the officers of the remnant of King Theebaw's army, soon after its surrender to the British Commander-in-Chief, is the subject of our principal Illustration; and we present some further Sketches, also by our Special Artist, of the banks of the Upper Irrawaddy, with the village of Mya-doung, where a trading-vessel was detained by a band of marauders, and Captain Redmond and the crew were made prisoners and put in irons; and parts of the wild scenery of the second gorge or defile through which the river flows below the town of Bhamo. Opposite that town, on the other side of the river, is a level sweep of country, about twenty-five miles broad, closed in on the west by a low range of undulating tree-clad hills joining the ranges which cut the course of the Irrawaddy, ten miles above and below, and form the first and second defiles. All this tract might be cultivated, but is so only to the very slightest possible extent. The so-called second defile is one of the sights of Burmah, and we borrow from a recently published letter the following description:—"The river, above and below about a mile wide, here narrows to three hundred yards to pass in a magnificent gorge at right angles through a range of hills. For five miles it winds round gigantic precipices, covered with stunted trees, while here and there a bald peak rises like a vulture's head from among the forest growth. In the middle of the defile stands the 'Deva-faced Cliff, the Angel Rock,' a wall of stone rising seven hundred feet sheer out of the water, the trees on the summit looking like so much heather. In the rainy season, several streams leap over the side, breaking into spray before they are half-way down. Perched on a great boulder at its base is a tiny gilded pagoda, where adventurous devotees deposit offerings to be eaten by the long-tailed monkeys that abound in the gorge. There is a wonderful echo in the defile, but this is only to be heard properly by those who pass through in a native boat. The throbbing of the paddle-wheels of a steamer raises a roar like that of Niagara, and passes it on from cliff to cliff, up and down, in most bewildering fashion. But the shout from a drifting boat raises a multitude of voices, from the instantaneous reply of the rock-birds in front to the faint murmur far away in the distance round a bend of the pass. Bottom has not been found at sixty fathoms in this gorge, and at each short turn the river seems to rise bodily out of the mountains. Suddenly we round a peak with great lanes torn through the forest growth on its sides by the descent of prodigious boulders, and we reach the level country again. The upper defile is even grander, but the descent is somewhat more marked; there are huge masses of rock in mid-channel, past which the water rushes with a force that renders navigation hopeless, and at some places the rocks so overhang the river bed that the sun only reaches the river at mid-day."

The town of Bhamo, near the Chinese frontier of Burmah to the north, has already been described; our Artist, who was there with General Prendergast and his staff at the end of December, sends us a Sketch of the south gate, with its defences. The town is surrounded on the land side by a stockade, 9 ft. high, made of the trunks of trees. "I fear," says our Artist, "that it would not long resist the polite attentions of a nine-pounder; but, for all native purposes, it would answer well against an attack. The posts are from 18 ft. to 25 ft. high; and the gates, which once swung backwards and forwards on a sort of barrel, but which now refuse all persuasion to move, are pretty solid. By the side of the gate is a look-out; and beneath, a guard-house, which had about six men in it, with two rifles and four 'dahs,' and a little gun, so old and rusty that it would have meant death to any man who should have dared to fire it. The Burmese soldier is very smart with the dah (native sword); and whilst in every other case he delights in dirt and filth, this weapon is kept as bright and clean as possible."

The tigers, which abound in the surrounding jungle at Bhamo, are supposed to be kept off by the palisade, but the result is hardly satisfactory. Seldom does a year pass without persons being killed and devoured in the wooded by-paths, or by the swamp, which occupies a good deal of space inside the stockade. Outside the log palisading, to the north of the town, is the teak house formerly occupied by the British Resident. It was a fairly substantial building, and, though the jungle grew up almost to the fence that surrounded it, was never molested by Kachins, possibly owing to the Sepoy guard, but more likely because the hillmen rather liked the Englishmen they had met. In the Residency grounds are the graves of Mr. Thomas Thurnam Cooper, the explorer, and of another Englishman who died there while on a visit.

ALPINE WINTER HEALTH RESORTS.

The beneficial effects of dry, frosty air, where it can be obtained in purity, for patients afflicted with lung disease, are now recognised by the medical profession. It is considered that the breathing of such air, however cold, serves to promote the closing of sores and ulcers on the interior surface of the lungs, and acts as a sedative to irritation. This was pointed out forty-five years ago by Dr. George Bodington, of Warwickshire, in an essay on the treatment of pulmonary consumption. Some of our most esteemed physicians, of late years, have been accustomed to recommend a sojourn during winter in the sheltered but elevated valleys of Switzerland. We find instructive reading upon this subject in a volume by Dr. A. Tucker Wise, M.D., formerly physician to the Infirmary for Consumption in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, also to St. Mary's Hospital and the Western General Dispensary. His book, "Alpine Winter in its Medical Aspects," has reached a second edition. It contains, besides valuable pathological and meteorological discussions, supporting the general view approved by medical science and experience, practical directions for invalids upon many details of winter clothing, diet, meals, exercise, sleep, and daily regimen; and descriptive topographical notices of many Alpine localities—Davos Platz and Davos Dörfli, Wiesen, St. Moritz, Pontresina, Samaden, Silvaplana, Andermatt, and Arosa—to be found in the Switzerland guide-books. But the place more fully and particularly described is the Maloja, at the higher (south-western) extremity of the Upper Engadine, adjacent to the Lake of Sils, on the western side of the Bernina mountain range, screened from the harsher currents of air, and enjoying an hour's more sunlight, in December and January, than most of the other places above named. The plateau here affords a large extent of level ground for exercise, without the fatigue of ascending hills, and the winds are less violent than in the narrower valleys; there is no morning or evening mist, and the sultry wind called the Föhn, common in the Alpine region, is tempered by the surrounding glaciers, which have an effect, in general, remarked by Dr. Burney Yeo and others, giving ease and freedom to respiration by condensation of the atmosphere. These commendations of the local climate are borne out, so far as we can understand, by the ample meteorological observations taken in the winter of 1884-5, which are set forth, with tables of daily records—morning, noon, and afternoon—in the appendix to this volume, showing all the atmospheric conditions. "Try

the Maloja," is advice that we should feel justified in giving to patients for whom their medical directors have prescribed the experiment of an Alpine winter residence; and we happen to know of cases in which Davos, with some undoubted merits, has been found to have its drawbacks. The newly-erected Kursaal at the Maloja is a fine building, with thirteen acres of pleasure-grounds, which we have not personally visited, but which is stated to have been designed and fitted with admirable means of large accommodation. Its system of warming and internal ventilation, minutely described by Dr. Tucker Wise, seems worthy the attention of architects and sanitary engineers, who can study it by the aid of plans and diagrams in his book; the house drainage and sewerage, and other accessories useful for health and comfort, are said to be perfect; there is a special apparatus for generating ozone; the whole interior is lighted by electricity, and provision is made in a theatre, saloon, and in other recreation rooms, for the indoor amusement of the guests. The Maloja Kursaal, on the shore of the beautiful Lake of Sils, looks decidedly inviting in the view which is presented as a frontispiece to this volume.

MEMORIAL OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Every reader of history is acquainted with that deplorable affair of Feb. 13, 1692, the slaughter of nearly forty Highlanders, Macdonalds and others, by "military execution," under express orders from Lord Stair, the Scottish Secretary of State in the reign of William III. It was a most atrocious

act, the men having already, through their chieftain, submitted to King William's Government by his taking the oath of allegiance, and having received the officers and soldiers in Glencoe with hospitable and familiar entertainment. Many worse deeds were done in Ireland, in the sixteenth and seventeenth



Mac Ian's Dirk.

Figure on the Blade of the Dirk.

centuries; but there is no good in dwelling upon them now. A colonial gentleman, of Highland lineage, Mr. Maclean, of Napier, New Zealand, is a descendant of the murdered Mac Ian, of Glencoe, and has in his possession the Dirk and powder-horn that once belonged to him. The photograph of the Dirk, which has been lent to us by Lord Archibald Campbell, to be copied in our Illustration, is of some antiquarian interest. The blade is elaborately engraved with the figure of an armed Highlander, which we give also in a separate Illustration; and with a trophy of arms below this figure, a shield with a galley emblazoned on it, and a decorative design above the Highlander. The costume of the figure is identical with that in a picture by Wright, of the Earl of Murray, at Inverary, which is of the period of the Glencoe massacre, but in which the shield is proportionately larger; it proves that the kilt then worn was only a little shorter than the present kilt, and that the tartan was universally worn; the round blue bonnet, with the tuft or plume, is also characteristic. The Scotch thistle grows at each side of the Highlander. The handle of the Dirk is considered, from the details of its ornamentation, to be of later date; a Highland bonnet, with cross swords, is carved on the handle, but is of a different fashion from that of the bonnet worn by the Highlander on the blade of the Dirk. The handle is also ornamented with stones. It is probable that the blade was fitted with a new handle some time after 1692.

Lord Morley, First Commissioner of Works, received, on Monday, a deputation from the Royal Institute of British Architects, who protested against the proposed treatment of the site of the new Government offices in Spring-gardens, and advocated a scheme, which Lord Morley promised to consider.

The family jewellery, of the value of £50,000, which mysteriously disappeared some five years ago from Brynkinalt, near Chirk, Denbighshire, the residence of Lord Trevor, has been found. On Sunday morning a man-servant at the Hall happened to go into a disused cellar, where he saw some glittering object upon a heap of rubbish, and, upon examination, found it to be one of the missing articles. A complete search was made, and the whole of the jewellery was recovered.

A severe storm prevailed over the whole kingdom on Monday, accompanied in many places by a heavy fall of snow. The greatest fury of the gale was experienced in the Irish Sea, and on the coasts of Wales and the Isle of Man. The Irish mail-boats were considerably delayed, and a large Atlantic steamer, the Missouri, of the Warren Line, cattle-laden, was stranded near Holyhead, and part of the cargo jettisoned. Throughout Wales, Scotland, and the north of England, the highways were snow-blocked. In London, the storm was less severely felt, and the snowfall did not seriously impede traffic.—Some ice accidents are reported. Two Swedish gentlemen were drowned while endeavouring to cross the Serpentine on Sunday; and, in Windsor Great Park, three lads met with a similar fate, through the breaking of the ice.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

"Court Royal," the standing dish of the *Cornhill*, is getting more highly spiced than ever. If the sole object of the novelist be to amuse, few novels will stand higher; but there is a most absolute lack of every quality but saucy liveliness and fertility in the invention of incident. "The Deadleigh Sweep," on the other hand, is artistic in its absurdity, and might make the groundwork of an excellent farce. "Autographs" is an entertaining paper, with a number of interesting anecdotes of autographs from the days of Augustus downwards. "The Scenic World," apparently prompted by the representation of "Faust," contains a good account of the machinery now employed for the production of stage effects. "Sea Serpents" investigates some of the reports of these creatures, in which the writer reposes little faith, though he grants the existence of large marine monsters.

The most remarkable contributions to the *English Illustrated Magazine* are Mr. Sully's charming sketch of travel in Norway and Mr. Christie Murray's pretty story of "Aunt Rachel." The paper on fox-hunting has a special interest from being illustrated by Randolph Caldecott, so unhappily lost to art. The diggings described by Mr. W. F. Petrie are not Australian or Californian, for gold, but Egyptian, for antiquities.

Blackwood opens with a very satisfactory account of the resources of England's latest acquisition, Upper Burmah. To develop these, however, a large immigration of Chinese is stated to be necessary, which may have awkward consequences, unless the differences with China, consequent upon the latter Power's claim to suzerainty over Burmah can be satisfactorily arranged. It must be hoped that it may be possible to offer China a *quid pro quo* elsewhere. Mr. Ormsby contributes a most interesting abstract of the diary kept by a Portuguese Judge who was on a visit to Valladolid at the time of the arrival of the English Embassy, headed by the Earl of Nottingham, in 1605. His account of our countrymen is, in the main, very favourable. It is curious that some of the characteristics more especially ascribed to them are precisely those which we are accustomed to attribute to Spaniards—gravity, abstemiousness, and sombre apparel. There are numerous other interesting notices in the diary, including one supposed to refer to Cervantes. The paradoxical contention that Shakspeare copied Dante in his sonnets is maintained throughout a third paper. The imbecility of the writer's arguments is not compensated by the robustness of his faith in them. Professor Mahaffy's translations from the modern French poets are excellent; and there are some good anecdotes in the desultory "Musings Without Method."

Longman's Magazine has the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," a novel showing no falling off in his peculiar power; and an exciting piece of absurdity entitled "The Teleporon," which resolves itself into a practical joke. Mr. Overton's sketch of "A Country Village at the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century" has some interesting particulars of the Nonjurors; and A. K. H. B.'s "Because We Forget" records the fact that his connection with the magazine and its predecessor has endured for exactly thirty years.

The contents of the *Nineteenth Century*, much less varied than usual, are mainly political and Irish. Mr. Giffen, who acknowledges the paternity of the scheme for buying out the Irish landlords by setting the expense against local taxation, henceforth to be borne by Ireland, proves that, economically, Ireland is of little or no value to Great Britain. But man does not live by bread alone, and Mr. Giffen's argument professedly excludes other considerations of much greater weight. It may, however, help to convince the Irish that Home Rule will be a bad pecuniary investment. Of four other papers on the engrossing subject of the day, two, by the Hon. G. S. Lefevre and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, treat of parallel instances in other countries; another, by Mr. Arthur Elliott, criticises Home Rule severely from a Scotch point of view; another, by Mr. F. H. Hill, predicts a revolution in English public opinion, and argues as if it had already taken place. "The Free Trade Idolatry," by Lord Penzance, is a vigorous assault upon the doctrines of the Manchester school of political economy; the most difficult part, however, of his Lordship's thesis is reserved for another article. Professor Huxley's essay on "The Evolution of Theology" is also spirited; but it strikes us that he is occasionally out of his depth.

Mr. Bosworth Smith's brief but animated utterance in the *National Review* on Home Rule, contrasts strikingly with most of the contributors to the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. J. L. Derwent repeats the discouraging history of the Irish Parliament of 1782-1800. Mr. Mallock relapses into his old vein, and invokes the aid of personality to eke out the deficient interest of his novel.

Harper has a most interesting account of the journeys of the Afghan Boundary Commission, by Mr. William Simpson, of whose merits as author and artist the readers of the *Illustrated London News* need no assurance. The engravings from Mr. Simpson's sketches are most vividly characteristic, and contrast forcibly with the companion illustrations of Messrs. Krupp's ironworks, and of the great manufacturing city of Cleveland. "Africa's Awakening" gives a glowing picture of the commodities waiting to be developed when the Dark Continent is thoroughly aroused, but suggest the inquiry, whether there is not an over-production of most of them already.

"The New Portfolio," "Princess Casamassima," and "In the Clouds" are ably continued in the *Atlantic Monthly*; but the most important contribution is Professor Winsor's "Americana," a valuable collection of notes on the materials of American history; and the most striking is the anonymous story, "A Brother to Dragons," which is romantic and pathetic, although the Elizabethan colouring of the fiction is not very consistently carried out.

Mr. Norris's and Mrs. Linton's novels are the chief attractions of *Temple Bar*. "Ambrose Malet," however, is a good story of its class; and there is an interesting though very gossiping sketch of Mozart.

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

A private conference between the Lord Mayor and the masters and clerks of the City companies took place at the Mansion House last Monday. A letter from the Prince of Wales was read, inviting their support to the forthcoming Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It was announced that the Corporation had contributed £10,000 to the guarantee fund, which now exceeds £200,000. The Mercers' Company have voted £1000, and the other companies promise to take the matter up.

The annual conference of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was concluded on Thursday week, at the Westminster Townhall—Mr. J. Brinton, M.P., presiding. Resolutions were adopted in favour of the repeal of the carriage tax, the abolition of light dues on shipping, the introduction of a bill amending the law of partnership, and condemning the Shop Hours Bill. A resolution condemning any measure calculated to weaken the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland was also agreed to.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Legislators are "marking time" till the Ides of March disclose Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to Ireland. Meanwhile, the most remarkable fact in Parliamentary life remains the extraordinary vigour, debating strength, and cheerfulness maintained by our septuagenarian Premier. Delaying his arrival in the House now till the moment at which he is usually called upon to undergo the customary inquisitorial ordeal devised as penance for her Majesty's Ministers, Mr. Gladstone is wont to take his seat smilingly on the Treasury bench, serene in the confidence that Mr. Morley's considerate tone towards the Parnellite members will have conciliated the formidable Home-Rule party, and that each of his other trusty colleagues will have offered the soft answer which turneth away wrath. Then, after delivering his own replies with a due regard to Talleyrand's dictum, that the use of language is to conceal our thoughts, the "old Parliamentary hand" will, by-and-bye, rise, and zestfully take his part in the chief debate of the evening, with exquisite art managing to say soft nothings to each party in the House.

The Marquis of Salisbury, on his side, has been conspicuous by his absence from his place as leader of the Conservative Peers; and Opposition has been proportionately lethargic. The Upper House did not seem itself without the familiar figure of the noble Marquis on the Twenty-fifth of February. True, the "Infant Roscius" (which part fits the Earl of Rosebery, with his youthful face, like a glove) was to be seen, phenomenally grave, holding a Cabinet Council of two with Lord Kimberley on the front Bishops' bench, followed by a mirthful quip with Earl Granville when his Lordship took his seat on the front Ministerial bench. But, deprived temporarily of the Marquis of Salisbury's strong and trenchant leadership, the Earl of Iddesleigh appeared more forlorn than ever on the front Opposition, and Lord Cranbrook was some time before he could settle down beside him. As for the business of the sitting, Lord Thurlow waxed eloquent on eels; Lord Morley returned a common-sense reply to the portentous harangue of Lord Stratheden and Campbell respecting the new Government offices; Lord Lamington deprecated the holding of meetings on Sunday in Hyde Park; and Earl Spencer could do no more than regret the Irish Boycotting practices to which the Earl of Limerick called attention. The most important question before their Lordships next day was the idea, mooted by Lord Sidmouth, as to the desirability of consolidating the naval and military resources of England and the Colonies, a suggestion which obtained the approval of the Duke of Cambridge. Mrs. Weldon would indubitably approve the spirit in which the Lunacy Laws Amendment Bill is drawn up. The Lord Chancellor (whose clear delivery might well inspire Lord Granville with a desire to speak distinctly) explained, on Monday, that this measure will render it next to impossible to incarcerate sane persons in asylums; and the bill was read the second time.

The Earl of Milltown's timely suggestion, in the Lords, on Tuesday, that the Upper House should be lighted by electricity, might well be promptly adopted for both Chambers. As the noble Earl said, much discomfort is occasioned by the present mode of illumination by gas. The use of electricity, besides supplying an immeasurably superior light, would obviously remove the very depressing and oppressive heat and "stuffiness" which render the atmosphere of Parliament injurious and intolerable.

"More light!" Goethe's last words, construed afresh by Lord Milltown, well sum up the mental condition of the Commons. As the *Punch* cartoon aptly puts it, Mr. Gladstone, shamrock posy in hand, is still dexterously dancing his new "Pas de Fascination" betwixt Madame Josephine (Chamberlain) and Signorina Morleena. It is plain, from Sir Henry James's frank confession at Bury on Monday, that the steps of this choreographic triumph are so intricate that even such a bait as the Woolsack or the Home Office

could not induce the late Liberal Attorney-General to attempt the difficult terpsichorean feat, at which the Marquis of Hartington also fought shy. Mr. John Morley, smile though he may now and then in emulation of a coryphée's stereotyped smile, evidently finds his saltatory task trying. Did he not, in presiding on Tuesday over the Conference of the London and Counties Liberal Union (ominous word in these hard times!), refer to the existing state of "calm and smoothness" as comparable to "the calm of the glassy waters that are on the edge of the bend of Niagara"? Whether or not the thoughtful and able Secretary for Ireland meant to suggest, "After me, the Deluge!" certain it is that Mr. Morley is girding up his loins for "shooting Niagara"; and he bids his audience get ready betimes for the next general election, "which may or may not be upon us at no long interval!"

The discussions in the Lower House have not lacked vivacity. The liveliest have arisen in Committee of Supply. Seeing the growing desire for Imperial Federation, and remembering the alacrity with which Canadians volunteered for the Nile Expedition, it was alike impolitic and ungracious of Mr. Healy and Mr. Rylands to oppose (vainly, however), the small grant for medals to the Canadian volunteers who helped to suppress the Riel rebellion. This was on the 25th ult., at the close of which sitting Mr. Trevelyan, as Secretary for Scotland, introduced the Crofters' Bill, the purport of which is to offer the distressed cottagers of the North fair rent, fixity of tenure, and compensation for necessary improvements. But, like a Caledonian Oliver Twist, Mr. Macfarlane asked for "more." At the next sitting, the Duke of Richmond's pension being referred to, Mr. Henry Labouchere inquired for what services it was granted, but the question was neatly eluded by Mr. H. Fowler, who, amid laughter, suggested the query should be "asked of the Secretary to the Treasury in 1676." The Attorney-General neatly extinguished Mr. Baumann for putting an idle question as to the alleged hissing of the toast of "The Queen" at a recent workmen's dinner; Mr. Charles Russell declaring neither he nor the chairman heard any sibilation. Although, later, Mr. Stuart was (after the battle of the London riots had been refought) unsuccessful in his motion that London ratepayers ought to have control of the Police, Mr. Mundella introduced a bill to compensate the tradesmen whose windows had been smashed on the 8th ult.

On Monday Mr. Childers agreed with Mr. Howard Vincent that new and ample head-quarters for the Police are desirable. Mr. Bradlaugh failed in his endeavour, the same evening, to formally taboo Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's mission by reducing the vote by £12,500 (185 voting against and 98 for the amendment); but the motion gave rise to an important debate on Egypt — Colonel Duncan (in an admirably earnest maiden speech) and Lord Charles Beresford both urging the Government to withdraw our troops as soon as possible. Each hon. and gallant member having had personal experience of Egypt, their speeches were listened to with interest, and well merited the praise of Mr. Gladstone, who especially hoped the House would bear in mind Lord Charles Beresford's candid statement that the British occupation of Egypt would be no protection whatever for the Suez Canal, which might easily be blocked by one ship. On the vote of £69,210 for African settlements, Mr. Osborne Morgan had to bear the brunt of Mr. Labouchere's light satire, but obtained the money by a majority of 144. The need for some measure of local self-government in Ireland was shown on Tuesday by the time consumed over the Belfast Main Drainage Bill, which Mr. Sexton, with Irish humour, sought (in vain) to develop into a measure for the assimilation of the Municipal and Parliamentary franchise in Belfast. At the instigation of Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Mundella agreed as to the necessity of furnishing official "labour statistics," similar to those serviceably circulated in the United States and Canada. And thus wags the life of Parliament.

THE NEW FRENCH ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIP,
LA BOURGOGNE.

This magnificent vessel, of which we give an illustration, is one of the four recently constructed for the "Compagnie Generale Transatlantique," by the Société des Forges, at La Seyne, on the Mediterranean. The three other boats are the La Champagne, La Bretagne, and La Gascogne. To all these have been added improvements on the La Normandie, which is considered one of the finest types of the European commercial marine. These vessels have been built expressly for the postal service between Havre and New York, under a contract with the French Government, and their minimum speed will be fifteen knots an hour.

The length of this ship, La Bourgogne, is 480 ft., with a beam of 48 ft. The hull is constructed of steel, and subdivided into several compartments, which will (with the steam-pump) prevent the sinking of the ship in case of accident of any kind. She carries 800 tons of water-ballast, and as the coal (of which there is a daily consumption of 150 tons) is consumed, its room is filled by water, so that the screw is always submerged. The engines of the La Bourgogne are of 8000-horse power, and the main shaft of the propeller, which has four blades, is 21 ft. in diameter, and divided into three cranks, weighing about fifty tons. The Bourgogne has eight steel boilers, and the average duration of the voyage will be eight days in summer and nine in winter. But it is not alone to the acceleration of the voyage that attention has been directed: special regard has been given to the safety and to the comfort of the passengers. As for safety, all chance of collision during the night, or fire arising from the carelessness of the crew or passengers is guarded against. The electric light is employed not only on the masts and bows, but is used in the cabins and passenger saloons, which latter are very capacious and well ventilated. Berths are provided with comfortable beds and bedding; the table is well kept; the provisions are always fresh, abundant, and of the best quality, and the arrangements of the cuisine excellent. Wine is provided ad libitum at table, and there is an unlimited supply of drinking water and ice; and a distilling apparatus is also in use. The ship is commanded by Captain Frangeul, one of the oldest and most distinguished officers of the company; his maritime career has been signalised by acts of courage for which he has been awarded the "Croix de la Legion d'Honneur."

M. Eugène Pereire, who has succeeded his relatives the celebrated Emile and Isaac Pereire, in the office of President of the Compagnie Transatlantique, has profited by the errors of some other companies, and has directed his operations in a spirit of progress with considerable energy, and with a success worthy of emulation.

Monday being the festival of St. David, the aquatic season at Eton College opened with the customary boat procession upon the Thames.

The Montreal-Canadian Microscopical Society has elected Dr. Jabez Hogg as corresponding member, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the recent death of Dr. Carpenter.

The managers of the Royal Institution have awarded the Actonian Prize of 100 gs. to Professor G. G. Stokes, President R.S., for his lectures on Light, in conformity with the Acton Endowment Trust Deed.

The Registrar-General reports that 2712 births and 1988 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 147 below, while the deaths exceeded by 201, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 40 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 119 from whooping-cough, 7 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox, typhus, or cholera.

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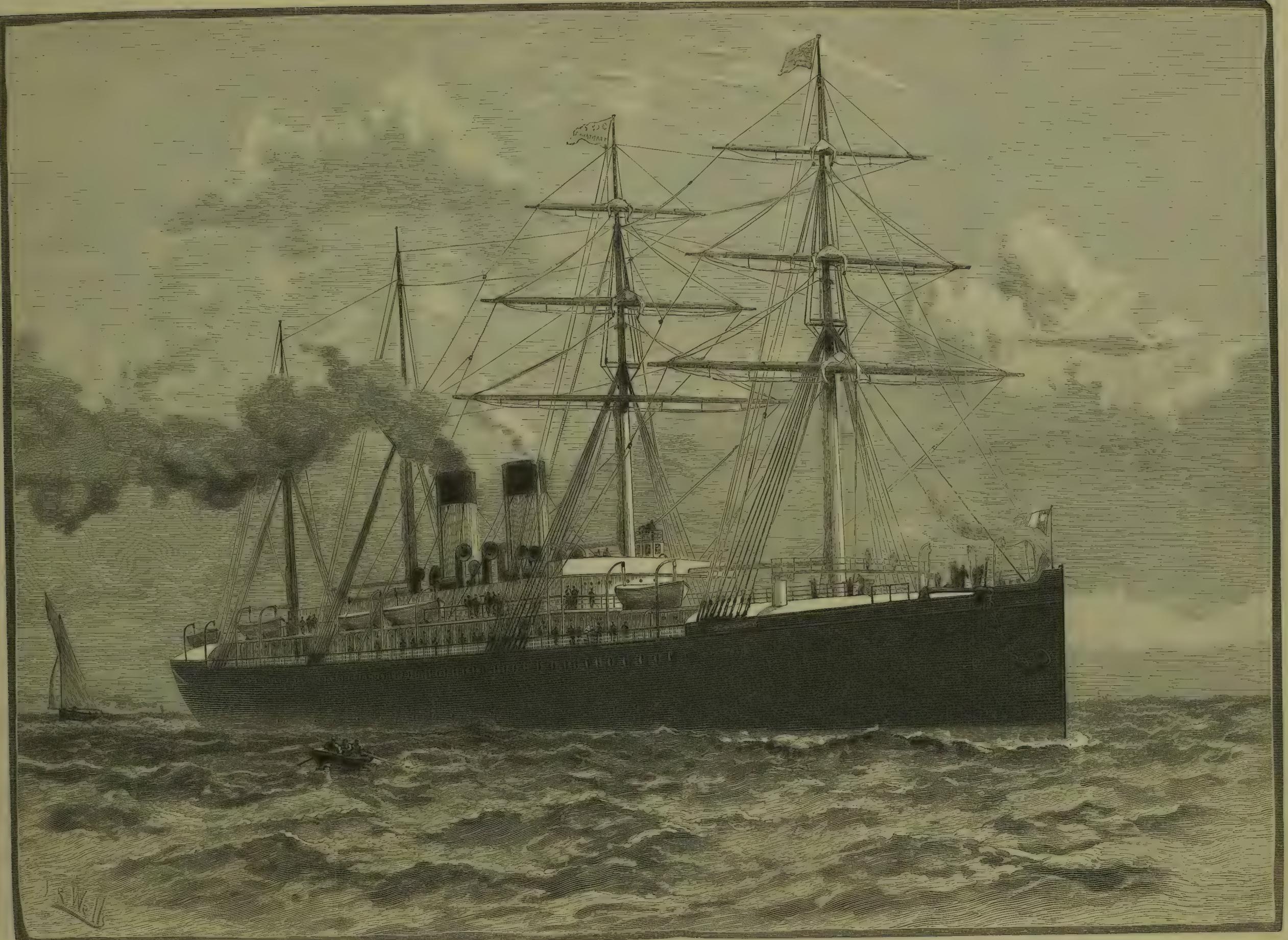
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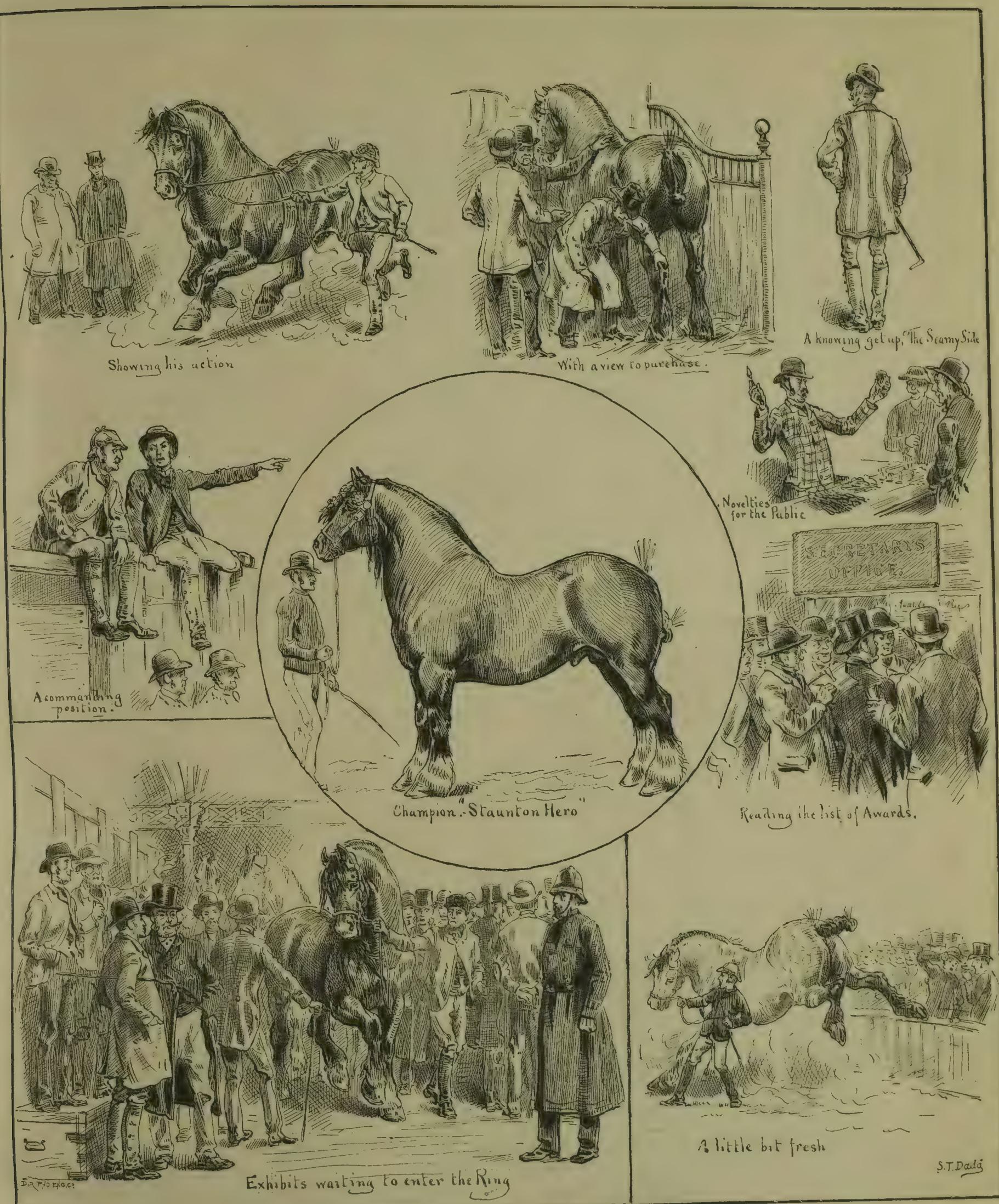
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SKETCHES AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW, IN THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

The seventh annual show of heavy draught horses, of the old breed of the English shires, was held last week at the Agricultural Hall. It was of greater excellence than any of the preceding shows, and the Shire Horse Society may be congratulated upon the increasing success of its operations. There were 396 entries, of which 104 were mares. The more important animals, to test their soundness, were subjected to a careful veterinary examination, and only one horse, in the classes of yearlings, two-year-olds, and three-year-olds, failed to pass the ordeal. The three-year-old in question was not considered sound when exhibited last year. In the class of yearlings the veterinary test is not so sharp as in the case of the older classes, and these youngest animals are not tried for wind. The veterinary inspector was Professor J. Wortley Axe, of the Royal Veterinary College, assisted by Professor Pritchard, of the same college, and Mr. George Lepper, of the Aylesbury Veterinary Infirmary. The judges were Mr. James Bulford, of Hordley, Woodstock; Mr. William Jonas, of Heydon-Bury, Royston; and Mr. Henry Smith, of Cropwell Butler, Nottingham. dispensing the honours with few adverse criticisms on their placing of the class prizes and principal awards. The stewards, Mr. William Barford, of Peterborough; Mr. Frederic

Street, of Somersham; and Mr. Joseph Martin, of Littleport, kept everything in good order. The Champion 50-guinea Cup for the best male horse in the show, the 20-guinea Cup for the best in the older classes, and Mr. Walter Gilbey's 100-guinea Elsenham Challenge Cup, also with a gold medal, for the best animal in the show, were won by Mr. Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham Hall, for his five-year-old, Staunton Hero. The Society's gold medal went to the breeder, Mr. J. W. Chappell, jun., of Breaston, Derby. This magnificent horse, brown, with white feet, sired by William the Conqueror, dam Black Duchess, by Garibaldi, had not been shown before now at Islington, though he is the winner of a number of provincial prizes. He has immense power, his bone very massive, with extraordinary back sinews, feet and pasterns perfectly shaped, and a plentiful adornment of silky hair. He displays muscular second thighs, and lifts his knee well in brisk action; he stands wide, with capacious chest, and is perfection in the moulding of the shoulders up to his withers, and his arched neck, rising from a collar of extended base, carries his head with spirit. The ribs are well sprung, the back, loin, and quarters full of substance. If there be anything to qualify the praise due, it is that his head is fine and handsome rather than of the rude or ultra-

robust character which is favoured in the Shire breed. In size he is below the standard for the big dray sort, standing, as he does, under sixteen hands two inches. It is probable that the winner of this show surpasses by considerable degrees any former champion, except Mr. Walter Gilbey's Spark, which twice took the most distinguished position — namely, in 1881 and 1883. It is admitted that, at the other four London shows, Admiral and Bar None did not approach Staunton Hero; Enterprise of Cannock, the champion of 1884, and Prince William, the champion last year, were present at this show to speak for themselves. Mr. Gilbey had the pleasure of winning his own cup, and of having it presented to him in the ring by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The show was also visited by Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales. The 25-guinea Champion Cup for the best mare, or filly, together with the 10-guinea cup for the best mare in two classes, went to the gray mare, Bonny, by Lincolnshire Lad Second, exhibited and bred by Mr. Arthur Tomlinson, of Stenson, Derby.

The joint show of the Hunters' Improvement Society and the Hackney Horse Society took place also in the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday this week, and was very well attended.

S.T. Dall

THE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

It used to be said of Sir Edwin Landseer that he gave to the expression of all his animals too strong a touch of humanity; but, in the opinion of anybody who has some bonds of sympathy with members of the brute creation, this peculiarity only made the artist's pictures more true to nature. Our familiar favourites of the stable or the kennel may often furnish materials for a profound study of emotional traits in other than a merely Darwinian sense. No human being could betray to us the secrets of their domestic relationship by play of features or interchange of glances more plainly than do these animals in Mr. Dadd's Sketches. Tom, in the privacy of his own family circle, is a bit of a tyrant, much given to gluttony and selfish indulgence; but here he is in society and on his best behaviour, easily moved to wrath at the sight of an unwelcome intruder, and ready to act promptly, as if inspired by highest chivalry, in defence of his consort's privileges, which he is not always the first to recognise when no strangers are present. The terrier's affection of indifference is not less eloquent than Tom's menacing attitude. Baulked in the pursuit of his predatory designs, he assumes an attitude of watchful neutrality, hiding his covetous eagerness under a mask of mock-innocence that would do credit to the most practised diplomatist. Experience has taught him that force is no remedy in such a case when there are sharper arguments ready for use on the other side, and accordingly he adapts himself, with admirable tact, to the situation. There is no fable in all this, but the incident

seems somehow suggestive of a parallel in human actions. The other scene tells a simpler story of ill-restrained greed on one side and faithful devotion on the other. That vagabond black-and-tan terrier has evidently entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the shaggy mongrel for objects that are not quite honest. Almost within reach of the coveted spoil, they are met with stern opposition from the pugnacious fox-terrier on guard. There is old English fighting blood in the veins of the leading marauder, who, meditating an attempt to carry the position by direct assault, is apparently restrained by some suspicion that while he is engaged in a fierce struggle the spoil might fall to his cautious subtle and not over-scrupulous ally. Then these two try, by diplomatic negotiations, to convince their enemy that concerted action would be best for all of them. By a little pretence of fighting for the bundle—all three pulling different ways—the flimsy protection would soon be torn off, and then they might divide the savoury contents among them. Deaf to these plausible arguments, however, the fox-terrier stands true to his trust. He may have to bear the brunt of a bloody combat in defence of his master's dinner; but should victory crown his devotion to duty he will seek no other reward than a kindly word of approval, or perhaps a scanty share of that frugal meal. How like the actions of men?

The Education Department has issued a circular drawing the attention of all School Boards to the desirability of establishing a Penny Savings Bank at public elementary schools.

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BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Newcastle branch of the Co-operative Wholesale Society voted last Saturday £1000 for the relief of the distress in the country, stipulating that one half should be devoted to the north of England.

A highly-successful fancy dress ball was held at the Prince's Hall on Monday night in aid of the funds of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, which stands much in need of further support. The costumes worn by most of the ladies were exceedingly elegant, and of remarkable variety.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Louis Larréa, master of the barque Agustin Edwards, of Bordeaux, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the brig Sir Robert McClure, of Faversham, abandoned at sea on the 4th ult.

A new wing of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road, which has been added at a cost of £12,000, and which is to accommodate seventy-five additional inpatients, was opened last week by a conversazione, which was largely attended. About £3000 is still wanting to complete the payment for the enlargement.

A quarterly court of governors of the Brompton Consumption Hospital was held at the hospital last week, Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. The number of patients admitted since Nov. 26 was 312; discharged (many greatly benefited), 287; died, 61; new out-patient cases, 3345. The report was unanimously adopted.

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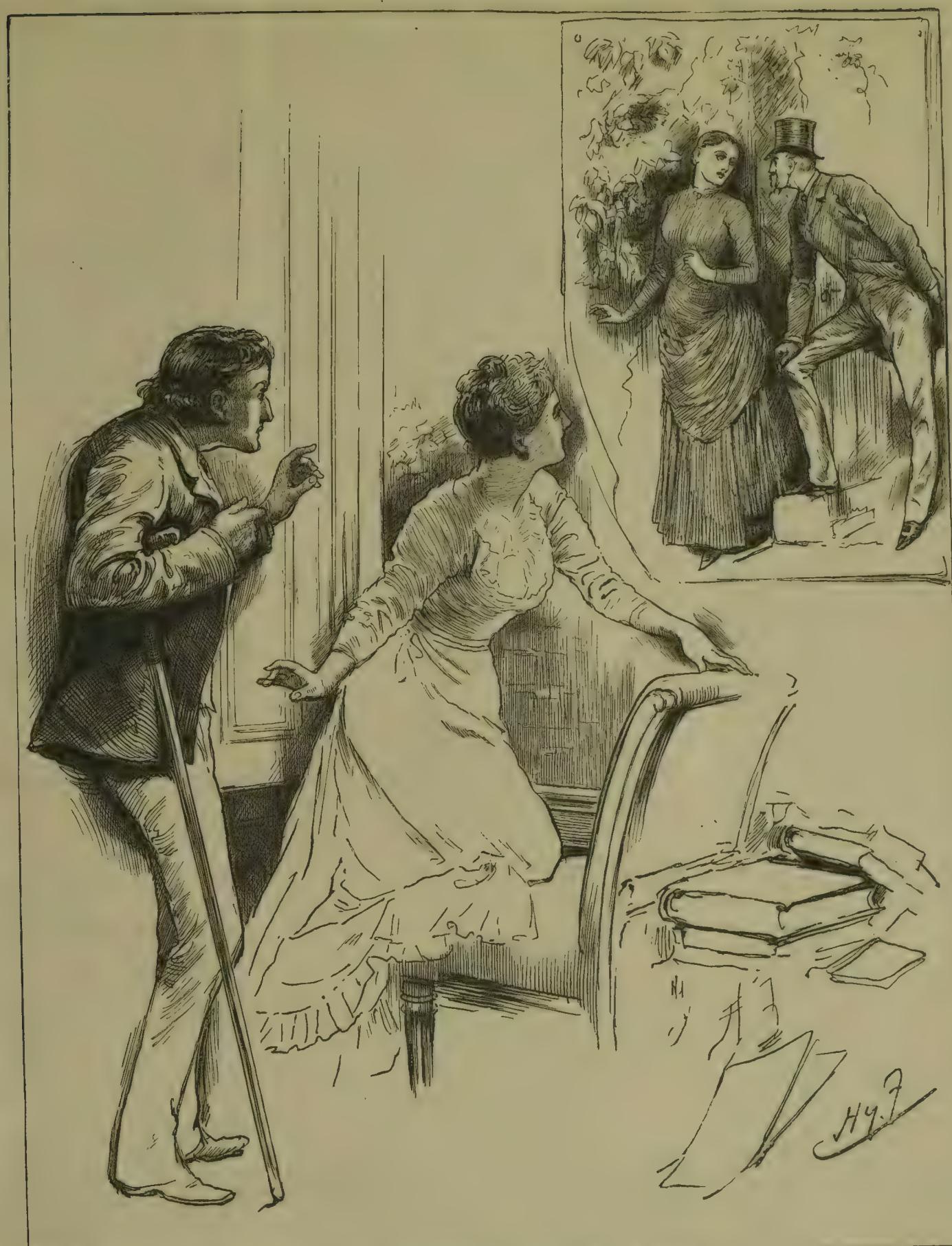
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CHAPTER XIX.

AN EDITOR.

Everybody, not in the first flight of fashion and ignorance, must remember the sensation caused by the first appearance of the *Millennium Review*; nay, even fashionable people deigned to notice the existence of that phenomenon, when, after rising like a rocket through the literary empyrean to an unparalleled altitude, it remained there emitting showers of wit and fancy. It was published, of course, to supply an obvious void in literature; the wonder was that it found one and succeeded in filling it. Someone said that it was suggested by the well-known lament of the divine who enlarged the sphere of ecclesiastical harmonies, that "the devil should have all the best tunes." At all events, its declared object was to enlist under the banner of Orthodoxy certain talents, such as wit and humour, which had hitherto been retained by the other side. Only, from the nature of things, it was necessary that the Orthodoxy should be exceeding broad. From the High and Dry, therefore, this publication could look but for little sympathy, and still less from the Evangelical party. But between high-water mark and low-water mark opinions are plentiful as sand and various as shells, and it was to this section of the reading public that the *Millennium* appealed. The editor of this new venture, one Felix Argand, was a man of character. His opinions within certain not very clearly defined limits were audacious, and he had the courage of his opinions. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he had invested all the money he had in the world in this literary speculation. In vain had they judiciously pointed out that the brain-worker and the wire-puller were *dramatis personæ* which should never be undertaken by the same individual;

since, if once the grit of worry gets into the delicate wheels of intellect, there ensues disaster. Argand answered, "I know it, but I must be entirely untrammelled in this affair, or I shall sink like a stone."

They watched his proceedings with a smile of compassion, and—it seemed, with that *Millennium* round his neck, like a miracle—they beheld him float. Success assured, at all events for the present, he became the prey of quite another set of advisers. For himself they cared nothing, but they were earnestly desirous to make use of his enterprise for the advocacy of their theories. "In some respects the principles of the *Millennium* were so admirable," they said: "what a pity it is you suffer it to fall short of perfection." The High and Dry party entreated him to become a Bulwark. A great and venerable authority offered to contribute an article upon the "Translations of Bishops."

"Dear and Reverend Sir," he replied, "you mistake the nature of the question that the public is putting to itself. It is not whether there shall be any more Translations, but any more Originals."

The venerated (and titled) head of the Evangelical party besought him in moving terms to remember that philanthropic endeavour without dogmatic faith was only one of the million roads to the everlasting bonfire.

"My Lord," he replied, "I admire your philanthropic exertions beyond everything; but it seems to me that you have made a religion for yourself out of the worst parts of Christianity."

Felix Argand was one of the gentlest-natured men that ever took pen in hand; but he resented dictation, and had a habit of expressing himself epigrammatically. His personal appearance was striking. Tall and thin, with flowing hair and

eloquent brown eyes, he had the appearance of a religious enthusiast; but though ingenuous and frank to a fault, and cordial (where he liked people) in a remarkable degree, he was well acquainted with human nature; not easily deceived, and never deceived twice by the same arts; with a tongue smooth and gentle, but sharp on occasions like a razor, he held his own against all comers. Though his aim was nothing less than the regeneration of society, he entertained no false hopes of its accomplishment. To leave the world better than he found it was his highest expectation. His heart was tender towards all who were worthy of compassion, but cold as steel towards the base. The coqueting of the humanitarians with the cruel aroused his bitterest contempt; and servility and sycophancy his keenest ridicule. With Whig or Tory he had no sympathy; the utter independence of party politics exhibited by the *Millennium* was one of its specialties; and though a spiritual tone pervaded it, it was wholly unsectarian.

Though Felix Argand had taken the highest honours at Oxford, he had derived no material advantage from them, since his peculiar principles had forbidden him to accept the terms on which alone a Fellowship could, at that time, be obtained. His reputation, however, had preceded him to town, where by that circle which still concerns itself with University matters, while it does its work in the larger literary world, he was warmly welcomed. With such exceptional advantages, his talents soon obtained recognition, if within a somewhat limited sphere; and his pen gained him an income which, supplemented by some small private means of his own, was amply sufficient for his needs. This source of support, however, in a short time became precarious—not from any falling off in the value of his contributions but from the views expressed in them. Editors complained that he was angular—a fatal bar

to eminence in journalism; and the application of the smoothing-iron was borne with impatience. His mind, though not, perhaps, very logical, was essentially original. Some said he was not "quiet in harness"; but others went further, and averred that he was not adapted either for riding or driving, but, like the wild horse of the Ukraines, fit only to rove at will, or, at best, to take part in those Roman races which are run without saddle or bridle, with the spur of his own imagination pricking his sides.

Of course, he was pronounced unpractical; and indeed he was so, in the sense that he could find no groove to fit him; but with less reason, it was deplored that he was utterly ignorant of the world. Felix Argand, indeed, concerned himself not so much with the doings of the world as with its thinkings; but the latter he made his particular study, and became surprisingly familiar with it. He possessed an unusual share of human sympathy, and a manner that invited confidence. With the opinions of philosophers and sages mankind is well acquainted, for they can be read in books, but with the views of our own friends and neighbours regarding matters that are out of the sphere of their everyday existence we rarely think it worth while to inquire. Teachers and preachers imagine that in providing them with doctrine they have inspired conviction and supplied them with faith. Felix Argand had the intelligence to perceive that this was not the case. He learnt that among a large minority of ordinary thinkers the great principles of Belief survive in the ashes of Dogma; the *Millennium* was addressed to readers as far removed from Orthodoxy as from Agnosticism, and found its public. The success accomplished was great and immediate; but its peculiarity lay in its personal character. The originator of this enterprise, who had been hitherto only a moderately well-known figure in London life, became a personage and a power. He was still young, which increased the marvel; and even younger in heart than in years. He sympathised with the youthful doubter, with the budding poet, with the thinker who had just burst the shell; he read every contribution, or some part of it, with his own eye; it is not surprising, therefore, that as his good-nature got to be understood his correspondence became considerable; and yet it was said that he never left a letter unanswered.

Of course, he was immensely laughed at. Editors of a more practical kind did not hesitate to aver that he had a bee in his bonnet, though they acknowledged that it was a working bee. Such unparalleled amenity could only be explained by a hankering after popularity, and what made his conduct still more reprehensible was that he gained his end. Such dereliction from professional practice it was, however, a comfort to think must bring its own punishment. Like the lady who betrayed the city and was smothered with bracelets, he must presently be consumed by the gratitude of his correspondents, and it did in fact consume some hours daily of his precious time.

Of Felix Argand, even Elizabeth Dart, in the land of the Philistines, had dimly heard; but only once had she held in her hand a copy of the *Millennium*; it was not a sort of periodical to be found in a lady's school, or lying on the drawing-room table of a house like Burrow Hall; and it cost five shillings. This was in her case a prohibitive price. Still, she had seen it, had turned over the leaves of an old number exposed on a book-stall, and wished that she had a shilling to spare with which to purchase it. But the Court of Chancery within her, in the shape of Conscience, had sternly decided that the *Millennium* was not a necessary, but a luxury. She understood the nature of the publication in a vague and imperfect way, much as she had learnt that of its editor, and she entertained a sincere admiration for them both.

Once or twice, indeed, of late years, when stirred by a yearning which has been hinted at, she had taken her courage in her hands and sat down to address this unknown friend to whose attention the love of literature was said to be a password, but the letter had never been sent. The very fact that his door was so frequently on its hinge to all applicants had deterred her. It was not vanity and egotism after all which, under pretence of modesty, impelled her to join the throng. But now, when the matter was no longer a personal one, and this friendly hand might be of some service to another, she had no such scruple in entreating its guidance. She resolved to apply to Felix Argand on behalf of Matthew Meyrick.

Her pen, though as well practised in private as a two-year-old racer, was not so fast; it could hardly be called that of a ready writer; though far from fastidious, she was never content with a good word when a better seemed wanting; and she shrank, above all things, from inflicting her tediousness upon any correspondent. In this case it was essential to be brief, and yet there was so much to say. As to her own judgment of Matthew's talent, she put it aside as though it were worthless; she inclosed two of his poems, the one he had given her, and "The Children" (of which she obtained a copy from Mary without however revealing the use to which she intended to put it), and let them speak for themselves. But she described in a few touching lines the circumstances of the poet, his youth, his poverty, his incurable disease, and the happiness which encouragement from such a source would confer upon him; above all things, she pleaded for the truth: if he thought there was a real promise in the young man's productions, save that implied in her confidence of getting a reply. Being, for a woman, exceptionally reasonable, she did not expect an answer for some days. She received one, however, at the end of forty-eight hours, in a hand perfectly legible, but which gave the impression of its having run away with the writer.

"Dear Madam" it ran—

"The specimens you have sent me of your young friend's muse are full of promise, and even give some performance. I return the MSS. by another post, lest the sight of them, as implying rejection, should unnecessarily disappoint you. The fact is, though there is no bar to the admission of verse into its columns, the *Millennium* has as yet printed none, and 'The Children' is hardly of sufficient merit to lead the van. On the other hand, I thought so highly both of it and its companion-poem that I offered them to my friend the editor of the *Parthenon*, and he has accepted both. One, 'On an Old Harpsichord,' will appear in the next number of his magazine, and here it is in type. I know from experience that there is nothing like seeing himself in print for encouraging a young author, and I hope this will have the happy effect on your protégé which you seem to expect. On the other hand, I need scarcely tell you that his hopes must not be raised too high. His circumstances and opportunities, we must remember, though disadvantageous enough from a practical point of view, have in reality been propitious to the development of this particular talent of verse-making. His music is but the echo of the strains of others, and this present poem would never have been written had not Locker sung before him. Nevertheless, whosoever fails to recognise its merits is incapable of judging such matters. You must allow me to add that whatever sympathy I feel for this young man is far exceeded by the interest which has been excited in me by the letter of his introducer. I say nothing of the tenderness and good feeling which prompted it—for editors, you know, have

nothing to do with sentiment. I am referring solely to the perfection of its composition, which does you, Madam, something beyond credit."

"The modest silence you maintain upon your own affairs makes it somewhat difficult for me to address you upon the subject, but I wish to say that if you have yourself any desire to join the army of Captain Pen, the *Millennium* would be willing at least to favourably consider the application of such a recruit. At all events, I forward the six last numbers of the review for your guidance in such a case."

"I am, Madam, yours sincerely, FELIX ARGAND."

As Elizabeth Dart read this letter, her limbs trembled, her face grew pale, and her whole being experienced a shock of delight. It was as if a door had suddenly opened to her into a Heaven of which she had often dreamt, but which she had had no expectation of entering. It seemed to her that this man had read her very soul. The next moment she blushed with shame at her own involuntary but unaccustomed egotism. What ought to have given her most pleasure was surely not the encouragement addressed to herself, but to Matthew. What delight—nay, what benefit, would such gracious praise afford him! How enchanted would he be to see his poem in the *Parthenon*! It was evident, however, that Mr. Argand had not intended him to write for that, but in his great kindness had caused a proof to be struck for him. How much better the little poem read in print than it had done in the manuscript!

ON AN OLD HARPSICHORD.

Its varnish cracked, its paintings scarred,
Its dainty gilding sadly marred,
And turned to dingy umber,
It stands forlorn, a waif or stray
Of glories long since passed away—
An ancient piece of lumber.

What more? And yet how rich it is,
This harpsichord in memories
And quaint associations,
Recalling that far time, when still
High birth and title had their will,
And kings were more than nations.

When gallants wore the true grand air—
And wigs by half a morning's care
Made wondrous smooth and sheeny—
And, while the perfumed pinch they took,
Lisp'd languid rhapsodies on Gluck
Or maybe on Piccini.

I touch the keys—the startled chord
Can scarce a weak response afford,
That wakes a low vibration
Among the slackened palsied strings:
A feeble spell, and yet it brings
A magic transformation.

An antique aspect veils the place—
A weird, oppressive, ghostly grace
That almost makes one tremble;
A mystic light pervades the air,
Faint footfalls gather on the stair,
The belles and beaux assemble.

The belles and beaux? Alas, the ghosts,
Thin shadows of once reigning toasts,
And heroes of the duel.
They smile, they chatter, they parade,
They rustle in superb brocade,
They shine with many a jewel.

They flirt their fans with pretty airs,
They tap their precious tabatières,
They smooth their ruffles grandly;
While here and there an exquisite
Lets fall his studied stroke of wit,
And waits for plaudits blandly.

The harpsichord is quavering soon
A minuet's slow triplet tune:
A courtly powdered couple,
All formal graces, bend and slide,
With curtsies marvellously wide,
And bows politely supple.

The tune is changed: with graceful ease
Fair spirit fingers sweep the keys,
A spirit voice is trilling;

The passionate Chefarō strain

Comes like a half-heard cry of pain

From some far distance trilling.

The lights go out; the voices die;
Among the strings strange tremors fly,
That slowly sink to slumber:

The harpsichord remains alone,

A monument of glories done—

An ancient piece of lumber.

It was an echo, no doubt; but it was also full of echoes of that picturesque Past which it was intended to portray. And then the writer was but a boy. For the moment she pictured to herself the intense pleasure she would have in showing him his first-born in its robe of print; but only for a moment. There was one who would have a still greater pleasure in so doing, and to her she would delegate that grateful task: Mary Melburn should be the messenger of this good tidings.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD NEWS.

The connection between our physical and spiritual natures is not yet understood, or tonics would not so often be prescribed for the dispirited. A piece of good news is often more beneficial to the invalid than all the steel and iron in the chemist's shop. If this truth were accepted, it is possible that cheerfulness and kindness would more commonly enter into the treatment of those volunteer physicians of the human race who, to judge by their teaching, know no other specific for our woes than the patience to bear them; if it were not, indeed, more easy to preach philosophy than to offer comfort, and especially so infinitely cheaper, it would be surprising that so obvious a remedy should be neglected. Could Felix Argand have been aware of the pleasure his letter and its contents diffused at the Look-out, he would have thought it worth his while—for to see others happy was a great enjoyment to him—to have journeyed thither to witness it. It pervaded the whole atmosphere of life there like a perfume.

First, as we have seen, it transported Elizabeth Dart to the seventh heaven, realising—or bringing within measurable distance of realisation—what had hitherto been but a dream—making the merely possible probable, and giving wings to hope. Very exaggerated sentiments, it may be thought, to arise in any woman from so slight a cause. Yet to some natures the opportunity of telling their thoughts to the world is at least as attractive as that of shutting themselves out from it in monasteries and nunneries to others. The impulse is an exceptional one in both cases—much more so in the former than in the latter—but when it exists it is very powerful. Sooner or later the swollen tarn will find, of course, a way for itself; but in its mountain home, afar from stream and river, it lies ignorant of this law of its being, and welcomes the first outlet with exuberant joy. At the same time, nothing could be more foreign to the character of Elizabeth Dart than that desire of rushing into print which, so far from being an exceptional impulse, is nowadays the most common form of vanity. That enterprise, undertaken commonly with so light a heart and solely or chiefly with the idea of personal gratification, was invested in her eyes with a certain solemnity and a sense of responsibility at which

perhaps Mr. Felix Argand himself would have smiled. She felt none of that eagerness for immediate action which seizes upon most aspirants for literary fame under similar circumstances. She was well content to wait, as before; but not, as before, without reason for the hope—nay, the faith—that was within her. She was like one who, having once become assured of her lover's affection, is in no hurry for its fruition, but is satisfied with "a long engagement." It behoved her now to consider whether the thoughts that had so often blossomed in her mind, and some of which she had, with more or less of adequacy, set down on paper, would bear transplanting and the open air. Upon the whole, her happiness, though great, was very sober and subdued.

The reception of her good news by Mary—to whom, however, she had only shown so much of Mr. Argand's letter as referred to Matthew, was of a very different character.

"How very, very good of you it was, dear Lizzie!" she cried, with sparkling eyes, "and how like you, to have thought of writing to Mr. What's-his-name about dear Matt! And how delighted he will be! How I should like to see his face when he first sees his beautiful poem in print!"

"You will certainly have that gratification, since it is you who shall show it to him."

"Oh, Lizzie, that would not be fair!" she murmured, hesitatingly; "it is you who have done it all. I am much too stupid to have thought of such a thing, and much too frightened of editors to have dared to do it, even if I had thought of it. I wish I was clever and courageous like you. I wish—oh, how I wish—it was I who had done this for Matthew!"

The tears came into Mary's eyes as she uttered this aspiration.

"Lizzie," she added, gravely, "you are much more worthy of him than I am."

The governess laughed aloud, and executed an elaborate curtsey.

"I am well aware, my dear," she said, "that you have paid me the highest compliment that is in your power to bestow; do not, however, work yourself into a state of jealousy, for which, I do assure you, there is no ground. What, I suppose, we both desire is to give your cousin as much pleasure from this occurrence as possible; and as it is quite clear that good news from your lips would be much better news to him than from mine, from yours it must come."

Then the two girls made a confidante of Mrs. Meyrick. She was not a lady much given to literature; but next to David—who possessed, however, an unfair advantage in being inspired—she had always believed in Matthew as the greatest poet that ever lived. When she saw his verses in print, she was quite sure of this. Under these circumstances, it was creditable that she did not ascribe his success entirely to his own merits.

"You are a dear girl, Miss Dart," she said, embracing her; "most people who had screwed their courage up to make such an application to a stranger, would have done so on their own account and not for a poor crippled boy."

"I never thought of that," said Mary, penitently.

"But I had no poem to send," observed Miss Dart, smiling.

"You might have written one, if you had thought of it," asserted Mrs. Meyrick, confidently, as though a poem was a postscript.

It was amazing how small a circumstance had made these three women happy, and also made one of them so dear to the others.

Presently, Mary tripped into the Pavilion, where Matthew, as usual, when it was not "the children's morning," was polishing up a poem.

"I am coming to interrupt you," was her audacious observation.

He put his pen aside, with a pleasant smile, and answered gallantly, "I wish life were made up of such interruptions."

"I daresay you do. But I have brought you a present."

"A present?"

"Yes; you must guess what it is. What is it you would like best in all the world?"

He gazed at her bright face and sparkling eyes with wonder.

"That is a very large order," he answered, playfully. "I am not sure that just now I have it in stock."

"Think, think," she went on, with eager excitement; "what is it that is most often in your mind? What is the dream of your life, which you, nevertheless, have been convinced would never be accomplished?"

He shook his head, but not like one who gives up a riddle; there was a piteous yearning in his face which told what he would like best only too well, since it was plain that he would never get it. Mary was sobered in a moment.

"Why, Matthew, how dense you are!" she exclaimed, in a changed voice. "Is it not fame that you are always thinking about?—and here it is, or at least the beginning of it," and she held out the printed poem. The colour rushed to the young author's cheeks.

"What is this? How comes this about?"

"Through dear Lizzie Dart. You gave her the MSS., you know, and she sent them to some friend in London, who has put them into the *Parthenon*; is it not kind of her?"

"It is more than kind; but she told me that she had no literary friends."

"True, I am doing her less than justice. It was to a stranger, a Mr. Argand, that she wrote, pointing out how beautiful your poems were, only that you were too modest to think them worth printing; in which you see she was quite right. She will tell you all about it presently, only she thought it would give you greater pleasure because I am your cousin, and—and—so on, to hear the first news from me."

"In which again, as you say, she was quite right," said Matthew, earnestly.

"And don't they look nice in print, Matt; and are you not pleased?" inquired Mary, hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; I should be ungrateful indeed," he murmured, then added, inconsequently, "we cannot expect to get everything we want in this world."

"Not at first, of course not; but, as Lizzie says, now that you have once got your foot in, it will be your own fault if you do not keep the door open; and the *Parthenon* is such a high-class paper."

From the bottom of her heart did Mary wish that her good news had been intrusted to a more discreet messenger than herself. If it had been Lizzie, or indeed anybody else, Matthew would have thought only of the verses; but those unfortunate words she had used, "What would you like best in all the world?" had drawn his mind away to another subject, which, though well understood by both, it had been tacitly agreed between them should never be alluded to. She would always love him with a love far beyond that of a sister; but brother and sister they needs must be. How deplorable it was that he should thus permit himself to repine at the inevitable! It was surely much harder for her, since in all probability she would outlive him, and now to bewail his loss, to ignore the relations that existed between them—how cruel as well as foolish it was in him! But no; his lot, after all, was harder than hers, and her heart smote her for the unuttered reproach. As he turned slowly on his crutch to the

window, and looked out in silence on the grey and gloomy sea, it was an immense relief to her that, when he spoke again, it was upon the matter in hand.

"I have heard something of this Mr. Argand," he said; "he is said to take an exceptional interest in young writers."

"But only, I suppose, when he sees there is something in them. I don't see why you should deprecate yourself in that way."

"I am not, for a wonder, thinking of myself just now at all, Mary. I am thinking of Mr. Argand and Miss Dart. Here are two people who have gone out of their way—Miss Dart a great deal out of her way, for it must have cost her much to address him, a total stranger—to do another a great kindness, and here am I, a selfish cripple, doing nothing for others, and always bemoaning myself."

"Matt, be silent," interrupted the girl, vehemently. "I will not listen to you. You shall not say such things."

"Nevertheless, they are true, my dear. Perhaps, if through this opportunity I should get something to do, matters may mend with me in this respect. In that case, it will be hard to overrate the benefit it will confer upon me."

The reflection was wise, but unwholesome, because unnatural. Such self-consciousness in one so young could hardly have arisen in a healthy mind. "And I tell you what, dear," he continued, gravely, "there is someone here who has found this out. Someone who is vastly superior to me, though I have been used to think so highly of my own talents."

"That is ridiculous; mere mock modesty, Matt," put in Mary, confidently. "Mr. Leyden is very clever in his way, but his wits are not within miles of yours."

"I am not by any means sure of that; but I am not thinking of Roger, I am speaking of Miss Dart. I believe she knows me, Mary, as thoroughly as you do; and even better in some ways. Under pretence of hearing other people's ideas, she suggests them, and reads their characters like a book. Now, if Mr. Argand could get her to write for him, it is my conviction he would draw a prize."

"That's just what your mother says," replied Mary, laughing; "and I am sure Lizzie is very talented, and all that, but she is very weak in some things in which, as I am sure, no really very clever woman could be."

"In what things?"

"Well, I am not quite at liberty to say; but mamma, who has sharp eyes for such matters, you know, is quite of my opinion. In particular, I think you are wrong about Miss Dart being a judge of character."

"Indeed," said Matthew, thoughtfully. "Now that surprises me very much. I mean your mother's having expressed such an opinion of Miss Dart."

"You think she is wrong," said Mary, smiling.

"I am sure she is wrong."

"Well, time will show. If it shows you are right, so much the better. We shall not grudge you your superior wisdom. Good Heavens! there is Jefferson."

In truth, at that moment there appeared on the steps leading from the parlour, side by side with Mrs. Meyrick, the Major himself.

"I can't see him, I can't see him," exclaimed Matthew, vehemently. "I am not well enough this morning to see anybody."

"And you want a nurse," said Mary, gravely. "I don't think I should be justified in leaving you for any length of time—say, more than five minutes."

"I suppose he will stay to luncheon," sighed Matthew.

"Your mother, of course, will have to ask him to do so. Here are we plotting to evade an unwelcome visitor with never a thought for the poor hostess, for whom there is no escape."

"Immediately, too, after one of us has made a solemn vow to abjure selfishness and lead a new life," added Matthew, penitently. "However, as one must stop somewhere, I suppose, even in a career of perfection, it is surely permissible to draw the line at Jefferson. But I do pity the dear mother."

"Perhaps she will find somebody to take him off her hands," said Mary, drily.

"What, Roger? Never! He detests him even more than—I mean he has no better opinion of him than we have."

"No, not Roger. Look yonder."

The Major, standing on the top step, had suddenly wheeled round; and, with beaming smile, extended his hand to Miss Dart, whose face reflected the pleasure in his own.

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Matthew. "Do you really mean to say she likes him?"

"Most certainly she does; that is what makes me a little doubtful of her intuition. At first it made mamma doubtful of Lizzie; but it is only because she is hoodwinked and infatuated."

"It is impossible!" ejaculated Matthew.

"It is not only possible, but it is the case," answered Mary, earnestly. "Nor is it really to be wondered at. It is difficult for you and me to regard the matter from poor Lizzie's point of view. He has made himself exceedingly agreeable ever since she came to us; and he can be very agreeable when he pleases; and indeed I really believe, so far as he is capable of affection for anyone but himself, he is actually in love with her."

"But that makes it so much worse, I mean for her," exclaimed Matthew, mournfully. "It is shameful; it is cruel; why have you not opened her eyes to his real character?"

"How little you know of our sex," replied Mary, gently. "That would be the very way to strengthen his position with her. Once or twice I have ventured to throw out a hint to her in the most delicate manner, but she has instantly darted away from the subject like a fish who sees the line in the sunshine. Don't think me hard on dear Lizzie, Matt, for I like her as much as you do; except for this, there is the most perfect confidence between us; but indeed, indeed, she must find Jefferson out for herself."

(To be continued.)

The great strike of Tyne and Wear shipwrights, which had lasted seven weeks, was settled last week. Work was at once resumed by some of the men, and by others on Monday and Tuesday last.

"Shakespearean Scenes and Characters" is the title of a sumptuous volume, the text of which has been written by Austin Brereton, to be published in April by Messrs. Cassell. The scope of the volume may be gathered from an extract from the preface. "My object," says Mr. Brereton, "in writing the text which accompanies the engravings here illustrating twenty-nine of Shakespeare's plays, has been to give, in a concise form, an account of the stage-history of each play, together with a note of the most famous representatives of the principal parts in these plays. The history of the connection of these plays with the stage, and of the chief actors in them, has accordingly been related for a period extending over two centuries. An attempt has also been made to include in these pages a record of the achievements of the greater American actors, and, besides, to give a note on the productions of Shakespeare's works in the United States." The illustrations comprise thirty steel plates and ten wood engravings, from drawings by eminent artists.

NOVELS.

Egotism is not so rampant among the pages as might have been expected from the title of *First Person Singular*: by D. Christie Murray (Chatto and Windus); but there is an amusing scoundrel, who displays a sublime regard for his own personal safety and comfort; and there is some reason to suppose that in one of the characters the author gives a more or less accurate presentation of himself and his domestic as well as his literary experiences, so that there is ample justification of the titular inscription. The story, however, has chiefly to do with Nihilists, Socialists, Irish-American Revolutionists and dynamitards, conspirators, and Russian spies. Such personages nearly always afford good sport and entertainment; especially when, as in the present case, they are handled by a skilful, clever, practised writer. There is some love-making, prettily and interestingly described, and there is more fortune-hunting, sketched with no little humour, but in all its broad vulgarity and with all its disagreeable accompaniments. The scenes are laid partly abroad and partly in England, so that a pleasant change of place and air is secured; and there is a chance, of which no little advantage is taken, for an able treatment of the picturesque. The central figure is our old friend the patriotic Pole, a worthy old gentleman, who has suffered grievously at the hands of the Russians, and whom the Russian Government attempt to capture at an expense in money, labour, and ingenuity which seems to be greatly beyond the old gentleman's value as a revolutionary instrument and a destroyer of autocrats. The agent through whom the capture is to be effected is a treacherous Greek, who, to judge from the masterly ease with which he assumes the most diverse and most deceptive impersonations, should be a lineal descendant of the fabulous Proteus. Even this Greek, however, is indebted for his plan of proceeding to the plot of a novel written by a literary gentleman, whose intervention has already been alluded to at the commencement of this notice, and who is good enough to explain at some length in the course of the story, and in the hearing of the Greek, how he would manage to kidnap and carry off to the Russian frontier any unfortunate Nihilist enjoying the hospitality of Leicester-square. Some very effective scenes and situations are thus produced; and the feelings of the reader are harrowed beautifully, whilst expectation or apprehension is aroused incessantly.

Whosoever would revel in strange adventures may make an excellent opportunity out of *Double Cunning*: by George Manville Fenn (Chapman and Hall), wherein an American millionaire, during a tour in this country, falls among thieves, is not only stripped of his clothing, but has his hair cut off, and is treated as a more or less dangerous lunatic, locked up, more than half starved, beaten and generally maltreated, guarded by men and savage bull-dogs, persecuted by a jealous and furious woman (furious at the failure of her charms), left in solitary confinement to chew the cud of a jilting from which he too has suffered; and all because a few of his countrymen have long had their eyes upon his dollars, and have determined to provide for their future out of his ample fortune, "honestly (that is, at poker and other games of cards), if they can; if not, somehow or other." They are reduced to the necessity of treating him "à la Grecque" or "à l'Italienne," after the mode of the Greek or Italian brigand, whose fashions they introduce into Yorkshire, where they pounce upon him, take him prisoner, and hold him to ransom. But the American millionaire is "real grit"; he is "no more to be bent than a whole regiment of the British Grenadiers"; he can no more be induced to "part" than if he had been "raised" north of the Tweed. What becomes of him must be learned from the novel itself, whereof the writer is entitled to the gratitude of the public for revealing the fearful state of things that exists in what is popularly supposed to be a free country. The narrative is diversified by episodes in which many good characters are introduced, much love is made (by a wicked captain, among other "personages," and by a sturdy gamekeeper among other "persons"), blood is shed, and life is taken traitorously and murderously, and the somewhat gloomy outlook is brightened by the presence of charming women, and by the sayings and doings of genial and even humorous men.

Lovers of the historical romance may find it worth their while to take up (at the risk of not being able to lay it down at a moment's notice) the curious story of *Barbara Philpot*: by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (Richard Bentley and Son), which is described as a "study of manners and morals." The period studied is from 1727 to 1737; so that the reader will not be surprised to find that there has been a great alteration in the manners, if not in the morals. The latter have, at any rate, received a coating of veneer; though the wizard which was formerly worn habitually by ladies at the play has, oddly enough, been discarded now, when, as some authorities seem to think, there is as much as ever there was to cause a blush, if not in the language to be heard, yet in the sights to be seen, or in the intermixture of both. The story is preceded by some introductory remarks, in which the author seems to express a desire that his work shall be accepted without any of the "glit" critic's "off-hand" observations; and it may, therefore, suffice to say that the author appears to have prepared himself very carefully for his exercise, to have looked up some very "strange oaths" and expletives (such as "unscrew my vitals"! which a noble lord affects), and to have paid great attention to his portrait-drawing; and he has written some very noticeable sketches. The portraits and the adventures are, to a very considerable extent, from life, and the life is chiefly that of people who were professionally connected with the stage or patronised it: indeed, the story of Barbara Philpot is professedly founded upon the careers of George Anne Bellamy and Sophia Baddeley, "two celebrated stage-beauties of the eighteenth century"; and Gay, who was "pocket-poet" to the Duchess of Queensberry, Colley Cibber and his family, the "wicked" Lord Byron, Sir Robert Walpole (with his "price" list), and George II., his able wife, and his historical "mistresses" are prominent among the performers introduced. Of course, the death-bed scene is given, when Queen Caroline urged her Royal husband to marry again after she was dead, and when King George made his memorable reply, of which the unconscious humour almost conceals the brutal coarseness; but, however well it may be done, it is hardly an incident in the career of Barbara Philpot.

A wonderfully powerful, terrible, pathetic, and picturesque description of life and death as they succeed one another in the wilder parts of Ireland at the present day will be found in *Hurris*: by the Hon. Emily Lawless (William Blackwood and Sons); and the two volumes are as timely as they are impressive, which is very timely as well as very impressive. As a story, perhaps, the novel is a little deficient in plot and purpose; it exhibits few, if any, of the brighter aspects of romance; it is by no means a model of construction; but the passionate tone of the writer carries the reader along with the strength of a torrent; and there is a succession of scenes and sketches which produce the effect of dramatic business; seen by flashes of lightning. A certain bitterness of spirit seems to pervade the whole, but the general harshness is tempered by some singularly sweet and gentle touches. Moreover, a conviction

is forced upon the mind that never before was the Irish character, as it exists in the county of Clare, more truthfully represented in all its strange, wild, impulsive, changeable, contradictory, amiable, brutal, semi-heroic, semi-demoniacal tendencies. "Hurrish" is Irish in county Clare for "Horatio"; and how "Hurrish" O'Brien was slain by the man to whom he had been a friend and a father, and who forgot all benefits received when the spirit of the "vendetta" took possession of him, is the gist of the tale. What makes the matter more tragic and more distressing, is that the "vendetta" was undertaken under a totally wrong impression; and what makes the catastrophe more affecting, is the noble simplicity or the simple nobility with which the victim freely forgives and attempts—not unsuccessfully—to screen and save his murderer. It is to be regretted that so excellent a writer should have descended to introduce once more our old friend "Cain" and his "brand"; such allusions, however applicable they may be, lose all their pristine force from long familiar use, and are wont to raise a reader's gorg, like certain hackneyed quotations from the ancient classics. A member of the Lawless family should know something about Ireland and the Irish; and, therefore, the writer's own observations concerning Irish feeling are entitled to the more attention. We may be inclined to ask why so eminently just, humane, and reasonable a being as "Hurrish" should have such a deadly hatred of England and the English; and the novelist's answer is that he and Father Denahy and Irishmen in general suffer from "an ineradicable sense of injury, which has its seat, not in the brains at all, but in the blood"; that the hatred "becomes engrained, like gout or any other hereditary disease"; and that only when there is born a physician able to cure it will the Irish problem so much as begin to be solved. It is to be feared that this is true; but "oh, the pity of it!" We read, besides, that "Hate of the Law is the birth-right and the dearest possession of every native son of Ireland." That, again, it is to be feared, is true; but, once more, "oh, the pity of it!"

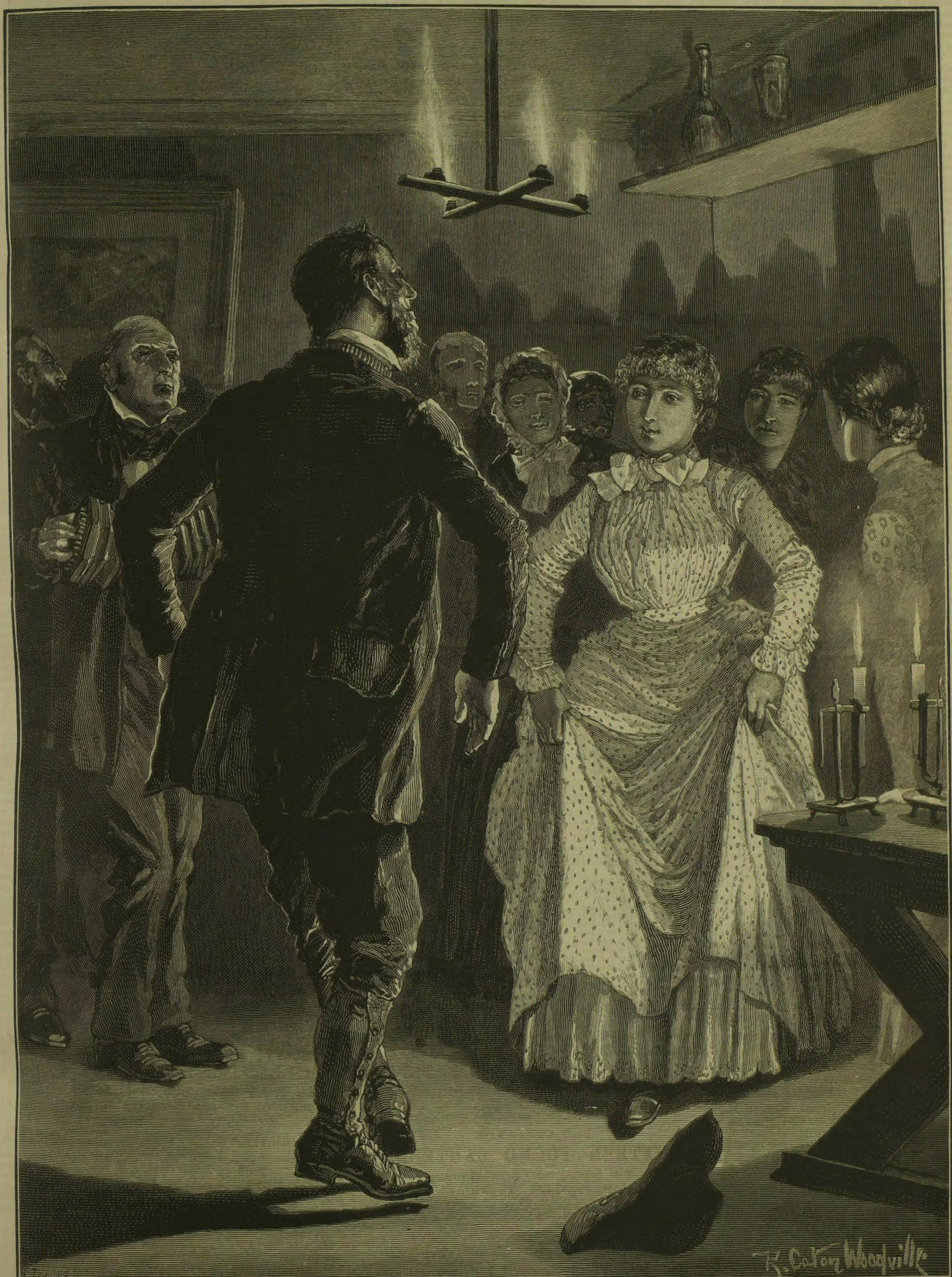
The late Mr. Anthony Trollope is understood to have written romances as if he were doing office-work, sitting on his stool so many hours a day, writing so many pages an hour, and, as each novel was finished, putting it away in a pigeon-hole until there was a demand for it—so that such an author might very well leave behind him an inexhaustible, or, at any rate, a very large supply of posthumous tales to be published from time to time, as long as his name had any power of attraction; but *A Cardinal Sin*: by Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus), published by Messrs. Remington and Co., is the work of a promising author, now deceased, who is not known to have written on the plan of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and who, nevertheless, seems to have left behind him, whether finished or unfinished, a good stock of stories ready, or easily made ready, for posthumous publication. It seems but the other day that attention was drawn to a three-volume novel left behind him by the lamented author of "Called Back," and now here is another specimen of his powers as a writer of romances in three volumes. In the former case there was a display of more than ordinary originality, ingenuity, humour, and dramatic ability; in this latter, these qualities are by no means so apparent, though of melodramatic incident there is enough and to spare. Within the first thirty or forty pages there is quite a bewildering amount of adventure, crime, and portentous suggestion; and all the rest of the three volumes is occupied chiefly in expanding this compact little mass into a much more extensive but proportionately thinner material, embellished with various figures and augmented by a quantity of more or less appropriate accessories. Briefly, it is a tale of murder and villainy. A highly respectable and respected gentleman, a magistrate to boot, is suddenly accosted by a strange man, who claims to be of the same name and lineage as the gentleman, and the rightful heir of the estates which the gentleman has been brought up to consider his own; and so the gentleman, having ascertained that the man has no son and heir, and being a person of great promptitude and resolution, incontinently murders the man under circumstances which render it easy to get the little occurrence represented as a clear case of excusable, and even justifiable, homicide, committed in simple self-defence. The murdered man has no son or heir, but he has a daughter and heiress, which he forgot, or did not choose to mention. Hence the highly respectable and respected murderer does not find himself quite so much on velvet as he had expected. For the truth is discovered by a most execrable scoundrel, who works the discovery to his own advantage, and who, moreover, has a design of marrying the daughter and heiress. She refuses him; he keeps her in ignorance of her heiress-ship; and the result is a state of complication and a chaos of rascality whence a certain class of readers cannot fail to derive the greatest delight. To add to the piquancy of the entertainment, the worthy magistrate purges himself deliberately on his deathbed, telling a "solemn and stupendous lie, which had made even the hardened villain stand aghast"; and the "hardened villain" himself is "found drowned," under particularly blood-curdling circumstances, having met his doom whilst engaged in single combat with a slimy "devil-octopus."

There is some very lively reading in *A Life's Mistake*: by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron (Ward and Downey), a story of an uncommon and, on the whole, of an uncommonly agreeable kind, though few of the characters act or speak with the good feeling and refinement which might have been expected of them. In the main incident there is little or no originality; but the conclusion is brought about in a very original and pleasing fashion, with a considerable intermixture of humour. It is difficult, however, to see why the brother should have been exhibited as so unredeemably contemptible a creature, and why, having been so exhibited, he should have been rewarded in the end beyond the deserts of the most meritorious among the sons of men. The plot is very slight; the machinery is a little clumsy and defective; the ultimate issue is a very pleasant surprise. There is something stale, perhaps, about the several parts of the story, with one or two exceptions; about the daughter and sister, who is required or desired to sacrifice herself in marriage for the good of her father and brother, and whose impressions regarding the lover she has accepted are rendered altogether false by a course of cruel intrigue, by misrepresentation, and by the suppression of letters; about the creditor who is willing to forego his claims upon the father for the sake of the daughter's hand; and about the marriage which is thus brought about by treachery: but the exceptions mentioned give quite a new appearance to the work as a completed whole. So shrewd a young lady as the heroine, however, would scarcely have been so easily taken in by the confusion between one Frank and another; a very much more simple, much more superficial girl would have wormed an explanation out of somebody, would have plied the father of the wrong Frank with questions that must soon have cleared matters up, or, at any rate, must have excited suspicions of a mistake. So, at least, many a reader is likely to think.

The annual show of the Irish Royal Agricultural Society will be held at Armagh on June 29 and three following days.



THE SQUIRE'S BALL.



THE GAMEKEEPER'S PARTY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 19, 1885) of Mr. Alexander Frederick Henry Kleinwort, late of No. 20, Fenchurch-street, merchant, and of The Glebe, Grove-hill, Camberwell, who died on Jan. 7 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Herman Greverus Kleinwort and Alexander Drake Kleinwort, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £701,000. The testator bequeaths £150,000 to his daughter, Wilhelmine Friederike Martin; and £120,000 to his daughter, Sophie Charlotte Andreal, in addition to the sum already given to her husband. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves to his said two sons, as tenants in common, for their respective absolute benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1873), with three codicils (dated July 30, 1883; March 28, 1884; and April 17, 1885), of Mr. John Donnithorne Taylor, late of Grovelands, Southgate, Middlesex, who died on Dec. 13 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Captain Robert Kirkpatrick Taylor, the son, the Rev. George William Seppings, and John Stratton Fuller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £124,000. The testator devises the piece of land, at Ashford, Middlesex, known as Dickens's Experiments, to his son-in-law, the Rev. G. W. Seppings; and all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments, and residuary real estate to his son, Captain R. K. Taylor. He bequeaths £10,000 Consols, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Juliana Fuller and Mrs. Henrietta Maria Seppings, and their respective families, in addition to the provision made for them by settlement; and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of the personality he gives to his said son.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 8, 1884) of Mr. Edmund Montagu Boyle, late of No. 14, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, who died on Aug. 11 last, at Queenstown, New Zealand, were proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Georgiana Olivia Quin, the sister, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths a small picture of Richard, Lord Clifford, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and a miniature of Richard, first Earl of Cork, by Nicholas Hilliard, to his sister, Mrs. Quin, for life, and at her death to the National Portrait Gallery; and he settles all his illuminated pedigrees, manuscripts, pictures, books and writings about the Boyle family to the use of his said sister for life, with remainder to his brother, Gerald Edmund Boyle, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. There are a few legacies; and all his real estate and the residue of the personality he gives to his said sister.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1885) of Miss Hannah Domager, late of No. 11, St. James's-square, Bath, who died on Jan. 8 last, has been proved by the Hon. and Rev. Alan Brodrick, the Rev. John Hawker, and Arthur Hughes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Irish Church Missions and the Irish Society; £300 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Bath Benevolent Society; £200 each to the Bath Blue Coat School, the Bath Royal United Hospital, the Bath Mineral Water Hospital, the Bath Orphan School, and the Sutcliffe-street Industrial School; £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and numerous other legacies. The residue of the estate is to be divided between the Institution for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, the Deaf and Dumb Home, and the Blind School Home—all of Bath.

The will (dated March 30, 1858), with two codicils (dated April 3, 1875, and July 16, 1884), of Miss Amelia Bridge, late of No. 78, Eaton-square, who died on Dec. 18 last, was proved on Jan. 18 by Miss Maria Bridge, the sister, and Arthur Woolfry Bridge, the nephew, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix leaves very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, servants, and others; and the residue of her property, of what nature or kind soever, to her said sister.

The will (dated March 19, 1872) of Miss Anne Alexander, late of No. 5, Whiterock-gardens, Hastings, who died on Dec. 19 last, has been proved by James Alexander, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her brother, James; £5000 to her sister, Charlotte Sophia; and other legacies. She appoints her said brother residuary legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1874), with a codicil (dated Aug. 12, 1885), of Mr. Charles Sumner, Judge of the Gloucestershire County Courts, late of Hempstead Court, in the county of Gloucester, who died on Dec. 23 last, has been proved, at the Gloucester District Registry, by Mrs. Margaret Sumner, the widow, and the Rev. Francis Henry Sumner, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The only legatees under the will are testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1885), with a codicil (dated Dec. 21 following), of Mr. Alfred Hanson, Controller of the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties, late of No. 1, Upper Westbourne-terrace, Paddington, who died on Jan. 6 last, has been proved by Captain Alfred William Hanson, R.A., and the Rev. John Clarke Hanson, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £5000. The testator gives legacies to his daughters, sons-in-law, and grand-children, and the residue of his property to his said two sons.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. M. (Wexford).—See answer to W. B. You are both on the wrong track.

R. A. (Leamington).—Thanks for the paper. The photograph shall be submitted to the proper authorities.

J. B. (St. Andrews).—Your solution of No. 2184, like many others received, was, probably, inaccurate.

A. S. (Manchester).—A very interesting little game. It shall soon appear.

A. L. (Railway Clearing-House).—Many thanks for the report of the match.

DUNDEE.—A frank answer to your question, as we interpret it, would provoke controversy.

E. C. (Green-lanes).—In No. 2184 there is no other way of mating in two moves than by L. R to R 7th. That such a move seems to you to be unnecessary and irrelevant, will be regarded as a compliment by the clever composer.

E. F. H. (Trowbridge).—We should recommend Staunton's "Handbook," published by Bohn, Covent-garden.

J. H. T. (Bortsford).—The last one seems good, and, if found correct, shall appear.

M. S. (Clapham).—In the position you send, the Black Knight at Q Kt 5th attacks the White King at Q B 6th.

W. F. SCHEEL (Newcastle).—If in No. 2181 Black, in reply to 1. Kt to K 8th, plays 1. K to Q 3rd, what about 2. Q to Q B 7th?

P. J. (Broadmoor).—When weighing the merits of a problem we do not consider whether the contributor is or is not a subscriber. The chief defect in your problems is that there are too many pieces employed in the construction. They suggest to us the dispatch of the Great Eastern on a picnic to Richmond.

C. H. H. (Dublin).—We have already given the chief points of the fourth game, but shall, nevertheless, probably publish it in extenso, shortly.

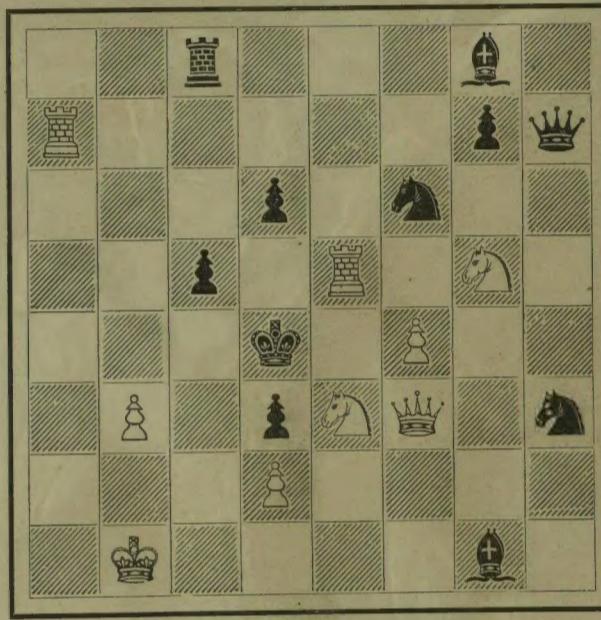
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2181 and 2182 received from John J. Milner (Christ Church, N.Z.); of No. 2174 from John Flaxman (Wanawabool); of Nos. 2175, 2176, and 2177 from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2182 from R. A. Dawbarn; of No. 2184 from J. Coonan (Dublin); of Nos. 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, and C. M. KNOX'S PROBLEM from Pierce Jones; of No. 2186 from Isabella G. Osmund, Emma (Darlington), E. J. Posno (Haarlem), Chester Otto, J. R. M. Anderson, John Coonan, C. E. Lascelles, E. J. Tozer, F. Marshall, G. Y. Henderson, William Hook (Copenhagen), H. H. H. (St. Petersburg); of C. M. KNOX'S PROBLEM from Clement Fawcett, Chichester Otto, and F. Marshall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2187 received from W. H. Reed (Liverpool), H. Lucas, E. J. Winter Wood, W. Hillier, A. Bruin, Joseph Ainsworth, E. Cazeau, Ben Nevis, Chichester Otto, James Pilkington, Emma (Darlington), Otto Fulder (Ghent), J. Alois Schumucke, C. Darragh, E. J. Posno, Commander W. L. Martin, G. W. Law, C. Oswald, Jupiter Junior, R. H. Brooks, L. Wyman, Hereward, Statue Belliard Chess Club (Brussels), A. W. Scruton, Laura Greaves (Shelton), George Joicey, L. Falcon (Antwerp), E. Elsbury, E. Casella (Paris), S. Bullen, Shadforth, N. S. Harris, Thomas Chowne, Nerina, Cymri, R. Tweddell, B. B. S. W. L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, W. Biddle, Dabbishill, R. L. Southwell, W. R. Railem, E. Featherstone, H. Wardell, E. Louden, Pierce Jones, T. G. (Ware), Sam Thom, H. Pace, H. Reeve, J. K. (South Hampstead), F. Marshall, A. C. Hunt, Oliver Icninga, E. H. B. R. Wood, J. H. Tamisier, Julia Short, Columbus, and J. B. (St. Andrews).

PROBLEM NO. 2189.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

In our last issue we described the course of the seventh game in this match, and the result of it—the defeat of Dr. Zukertort. It was played on Feb. 5, at the Harmonic Club-house, St. Louis. Appended is the full score:—

SEVENTH GAME.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.) BLACK (Herr S.) WHITE (Dr. Z.) BLACK (Herr S.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th 17. B to R 2nd B to Kt 2nd

2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd 18. Q to Q 2nd Q to R 3rd

Throughout this match Black has

hitherto met the gambit by 2. P to Q B 3rd and 3. B to B 4th. The move in the text

is the usual defence.

3. Kt to B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 20. B to Kt 5th

4. P to K 3rd P to B 4th 21. P to K Kt 4th Kt takes Q P

5. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd 22. Kt takes Kt P to K 4th

6. P to Q R 3rd Q P takes P 23. Kt to Q 5th R takes R

This indicates a timidity at the outset, which is somewhat marked throughout White's play in this game.

7. B takes P P takes P 24. Q takes R P takes Kt

8. P takes P B to K 2nd 25. R takes P Kt takes Kt

9. Castles Castles 26. R takes Kt R takes R

10. B to C 3rd B to Q 2nd 27. B takes R Q to K 7th

11. Q to Q 3rd R to B sq 28. P to R 3rd P to K R 3rd

12. Q R to B sq Q to R 4th 29. B to Q B 4th Q to B 6th

13. B to R 2nd K R to Q sq 30. Q to K 3rd Q to Q 8th (ch)

14. K R to K sq B to K sq 31. K to B 2nd B to Q B 3rd

15. B to Kt sq P to K Kt 3rd 32. B to K 7th B to K 4th (ch)

16. Q to K 2nd B to B sq 33. P to B 4th B takes P (ch)

17. K R to Q sq 34. Q takes B Q to R 8th (ch)

He might have played the R to this square on the 14th move with some advantage.

18. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 3rd 35. K to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 8th (ch), and White resigned.

An ill-judged coup, from the consequences of which White never recovers.

This temporary sacrifice gives Black the best of the game.

22. Kt takes Kt P to K 4th

23. Kt to Q 5th R takes R

24. Q takes R P takes Kt

25. R takes P Kt takes Kt

26. R takes Kt R takes R

27. B takes R Q to K 7th

28. P to R 3rd P to K R 3rd

29. B to Q B 4th Q to B 6th

30. Q to K 3rd Q to Q 8th (ch)

31. K to B 2nd B to Q B 3rd

32. B to K 7th B to K 4th (ch)

33. P to B 4th B takes P (ch)

34. Q takes B Q to R 8th (ch)

35. K to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 8th (ch), and White resigned.

EIGHTH GAME.

Played at St. Louis, on Feb. 8. This game calls for no comment. It is an ordinary specimen of a particular variation of the Ruy Lopez, and occupied only one hour and thirty-five minutes, of which time Dr. Zukertort consumed a quarter of an hour!

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)	WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 2nd	13. R to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. B to Kt 2nd	B to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	15. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	16. R to K 8th	B to Q 2nd
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	17. R takes Q R	R takes R
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	18. Kt to Q sq	Kt to K 4th
7. B to Q 3rd	Castles	19. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq
8. Q to R 5th	P to B 4th	20. Q to B sq	B takes B
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	21. R takes R (ch)	B takes R
10. R to Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt	22. Kt takes B	Abandoned as drawn.
11. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	23. Kt to B 2nd	
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	24. Kt to B 2nd	

The ninth game was played on Feb. 11, and it was won by Herr Stenitz, whose score was thus brought to an equality with that of Dr. Zukertort—four all. After an interval of a fortnight, play was resumed, the scene of the encounter being changed to New Orleans. There the tenth game was played on Feb. 26, the result being a draw. The latest score, therefore, is four all and two draws.

Mr. Blackburne has recovered from his recent illness, and last week gave an exhibition of chess play *sans voix* at the Putney Chess Club, against eight members of that association. Mr. Blackburne played in his old form, sacrificing pieces, announcing mates in six moves, and other "bits of Morphy," to the great delight of the spectators, and we doubt not, the players also. He won seven games, and drew one.

The following is a summary of the results of the play in the Masters' Tournament, now in progress at the British Chess Club, 49, Leicester-square, during the week ending Feb. 27:—

<tr

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RIDGE'S FOOD. DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

W. DOMMETT STONE, M.D., in a letter which appeared in the "Times," April 1, writes:—

"It cannot be too widely known that 'corn flour' per se is not food, but pure starch, as was abundantly proved by Dr. Bartlett before the Adulteration Committee of the House of Commons last autumn. Numerous instances of children reduced to skin and bone from being fed on one or other of the 'corn flours' now before the public have come under my notice. It may be of some use to your readers to have a 'rough-and-ready' test to distinguish those farinaceous foods which are inutritious. Whenever the powder is beautifully white and of extreme fineness, the article should be rejected, as being almost certainly composed of starch alone. When, however, the nutrition has not been sacrificed to appearance, and they present their natural brownish colour, some of these foods may contain even more nourishment than meat."

RIDGE'S FOOD. DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., writes:—

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RIDGE'S FOOD. DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

SAMUEL BARKER, M.D., Hon. Physician to Brighton Hospital for Children, says:—

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RIDGE'S FOOD. DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

MR. W. J. HARKER, of Clearmount, Weymouth, writes:—

"My last six children, aged respectively six, five, four, three, two, and one year old, are such pictures of health, even for this proverbially healthy town, that, each and all of them having been brought up by hand on Dr. Ridge's Food from the age of two up to eighteen months, I think it only right to send you this spontaneous acknowledgment of its great merit. My name being well known amongst the grocers and chemists throughout the country, this personal attestation to its proved worth as the best article of diet for young children may be of service to them when consulted as to the best food by anxious mothers.—Oct. 14, 1874."

RIDGE'S FOOD. DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

GEORGE B. MEAD, M.D., Licentiate of the London College of Physicians, Newmarket, says:—

"I have great pleasure in stating that Dr. Ridge's Food is a very valuable preparation, especially in cases where the digestive powers are unusually feeble. I first tried it in the case of an infant, who was apparently dying from exhaustion and excessive vomiting, all kinds of diet having been tried in vain; as a last resource, some of Dr. Ridge's Food was given, mixed with water, which was retained, the child rapidly improved, and now, after a lapse of some months (during which it has lived on Dr. Ridge's Food), it is quite well and strong."

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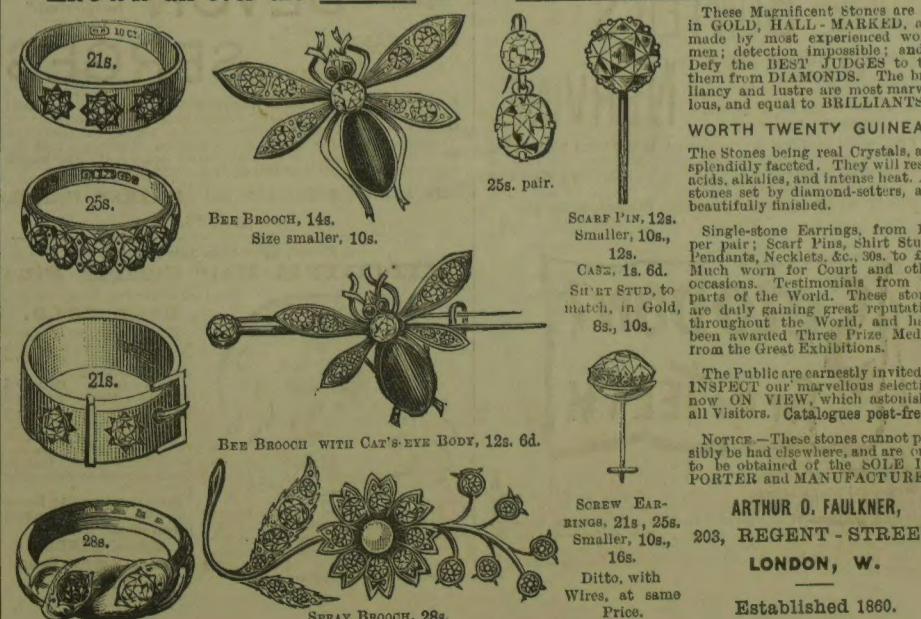
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March 6, 1886.